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I. *Table-moving, Rappings, and Spiritual Manifestations.*

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(Concluded from our last.)

But what is their possession? What is the essential character of that mental condition under which men and women, in nowise especially distinguished by extraordinary mental capacity in their usual state, become, nevertheless, capable of writing or dictating productions which with many pass for the veritable offspring of defunct genius? What was the condition, we ask in return, of the poor peasants who, as demoniacs in the middle ages, used to carry on a vigorous controversy with the learned ecclesiastics who acted as their exorcists? What was that condition of mind in which the poor ignorant persecuted Camisards of the Cevennes used to utter long and eloquent sermons in their sleep? a phenomenon re-developed in Sweden in our own day. What is the nature of that exaltation in the mental functions under which individuals in the trance life have in all ages been found capable of performing intellectual achievements to which they could afford no approximation in their usual condition of body and mind? As to the vivid and recurrent consciousness of a fictitious personality, the annals of every insane asylum will furnish abundant illustrations in point, while the experience of the electro-biologist is sufficient to show that, given a certain degree of susceptibility and a certain intensity of impression, you may develop not only an erroneous human, but even superinduce a false and foul brute, personality; so that not only shall a very simple citizen fancy himself Prince Albert, but, by a sad reverse, may afterwards

conceive himself a hound in the royal kennel! These high-wrought media are no doubt possessed, but it is by an idea, and not by a spirit. Our good friends of the union err in supposing a budding poet or essayist must of necessity be actually entered by the ghost of the man Shelley or Johnson, instead of being, as is really the case, possessed, or rather shall we say filled, by the spirit of his beautiful or thoughtful works. Alas for the Arcadian simplicity, which is ignorant of the great fact, that imitation is the condition of production for nineteen-twentieths of all our perishing literature—that an original is a Godsent but too seldom vouchsafed—and that, for many generations afterwards, the utmost which “marked capacity” of the “talent” order can accomplish, is but to act as an echo, ever growing fainter and fainter withal, till a fresh voice be revealed to the ears of a startled generation! We wish our possessed friends all possible success in transcribing fresh “Ravens” and “Queen Mabs,” and, indeed, new “Hamlets” and “Macbeths,” if such be attainable by any process of introverted self-consciousness: but would simply hint, that those who follow can never quite equal those who lead; and that the imitator must of necessity fall immeasurably short of the transcendent excellence of an original master. Of internal evidence as to their spiritual origin, these ghostly dictations contain not a particle—they, none of them, transcend in depths of thought, in grandeur of conception, or in elevation of sentiment, those magnificent and soul-inspiring productions which we have inherited from genius clothed in flesh. Neither does the rhythm or rhyme tell of those celestial cadences which might be supposed to convey some faint reverberation of the faultless harmonies in which the angels express their delight and the seraphim embody their rapt adoration. The sages of the past have not become wiser, nor have the poets attained to an imagination more pure and exalted than when on earth. Their heavenly companionship has left no traces of its elevating and ennobling influence on their present communications, as compared with their previous productions. On the contrary, their excellence has rather become decadent, and their glory waxed dim, during their heavenly sojourn, so that it is better to converse with their works as mortal men, than with these their present revelations as departed spirits. These credentials, then, are wanting in all the essential evidences of their being more than simple human productions; as such, they carry with them no convincing demonstration of being anything more than the results of unaided human effort.

Ignorance of mesmeric facts, and of the results of spontaneous extacy in other ages, is manifestly observable throughout most of the statements and arguments both of the spiritualists and their opponents. The latter deny facts which nearly every age has witnessed, and which science is now perfectly competent to reproduce; and the latter, while admitting these extraordinary phenomena, are nevertheless, from want of acquaintance with their essential character, tempted to completely misinterpret them. There is plenty of fanatical zeal on either side, but a sad want of enlightenment on both. The entire movement is but a reproduction of what other epochs have frequently witnessed, namely, the birth of a faith by the misinterpretation of nature. The new creed in sober truth, with all its pompous pretensions of leading mankind to brighter anticipations in reference to immortality, is obviously founded on a palpable mistake as to facts connected with abnormal, or at all events, unusual, conditions of the corporeal system. In place of a grand revelation it is simply a nervous epidemic, the extravagancies of which have, as in many other notable instances on record, been inconceivably aggravated by the all-pervading impression on the minds both of the subjects and spectators that the phenomena devolved were of a spiritual and miraculous, instead of a physiological and natural, order. The morbid susceptibility of highly sensitive organisms, with the effects thence resulting, has been mistaken for the direct intervention of spiritual agencies. This is a dangerous error, for the exalted faith of these enthusiasts, having risen to its present towering altitude under the factitious stimulation of thaumaturgic wonders, will be but too ready to collapse into fathomless doubt and disbelief, when the false proofs on which it has so exultingly rested shall have been removed by the simple process of a philosophic explanation of those manifestations, which have been deemed ghostly on the fallacious ground of their being rare. A faith so insecurely founded, and yet withal putting forth such arrogant claims to teach with authority on that mysterious subject, the immediate state of the departed, whereon the wisest have been contented to hold their opinions in the suspense of an expectant faith rather than in the confidence of a direct intuition or of a coercive logic—a faith so obviously based on ignorance of those very subjects of investigation to which its pretended wonders are so nearly allied, cannot fail, we say, to prove a fearfully misleading light to its votaries now, and one that, when it shall have been extinguished with all its claims to the preternatural by a more expansive philosophy, will, I fear, leave its deluded

devotees in the tenfold darkness of a recurrent, and to them overwhelming, scepticism.

I have now, for the purpose of completing our survey of the spiritual manifestations, to contemplate some of those extraordinary results which involve an apparent suspension or contradiction of the usual and known laws of nature, among which we are undoubtedly accustomed to think that of gravitation as among the most extensive in its sphere of operation and the best established by its ever present facts with philosophers. But alas, for established truths in these days of inquietude and disruption! It seems the spiritualists have set at utter defiance the universally received idea that everything terrestrial always gravitates towards the earth, and, in most sovereign contempt for this very respectable truism, have not only caused sundry grave pieces of household furniture to execute, untouched by human hands, most marvellous evolutions of the terpsichorean order—in which they have pirouetted about drawing rooms never before so defiled with the unseemly vanities of fashionable life—but, in addition to this, the originators and prime movers of all this domestic necromancy, not contented with this strange display of lightness of purpose in things, have also proceeded to the quite unjustifiable length of affording a similar exhibition of all want of gravity in their own proper persons. Thus, not only have tables been occasionally lifted into the air, and this, too, when loaded with the corporeal dignity of some comfortable senator, but the media have in a similar manner been projected into the atmosphere, and sustained there quite unassisted by any perceptible conveniences for such unusual exaltation. In addition to all this, we find that musical instruments no longer need the aid of a performer to give birth to their appropriate sounds, but, on the contrary, in a state of the most astounding instrumental independence, occasionally dash off into melodious strains so charming and withal mysterious that the renowned Paganini himself, were he alive, might despair of equalling such wild and delicious tones, even though he were in *propria persona* to execute his justly-famed "dance of witches." Nay, deceased gentlemen, it seems, whose autographs on 'Change, or in the ministerial bureau, were once potentially known, and the recollection of which is still so vividly preserved among survivors as to produce an instant recognition on its presentment—these venerable merchants and statesmen have, despite the absence of their former corporeal instruments, succeeded in grasping a pencil, and thus re-executed their usual sign-manual to the wonder and admiration of all subsequent beholders. Of a

very truth we are here verging on the borders of the magical ; and, lest your readers should suppose that I am testing the extent of their credulity by the gravity of my jokes, I will take the liberty of introducing them face to face with a worthy ex-senator of the Transatlantic republic, who can thus, being certainly of age, speak for himself.

It should be premised that the following extracts are from a letter by N. P. Tallmadge, late Senator of the United States. It was written to a lady, and contains a long and detailed narrative of his intercourse with the spirit of his deceased friend, the late Mr. John C. Calhoun, the celebrated American statesman. It is dated April 12th, 1852, and consequently presents us with the existing condition of "spiritualism in high places." I may add this letter appeared in the *New York Tribune* of March 23rd, was then copied into the *Spiritual Telegraph*, and has been subsequently published *in extenso* in this country, together with other correspondence by Mr. Tallmadge on the same subject, in the *National Quarterly Review* of Mr. Robert Owen, who has been recently converted to the Rappist faith, and with it to a belief in the existence and immortality of the soul.

"After the arrival of the Misses Fox in Washington city in February last, I called on them by appointment, and at once received a communication from Calhoun."

The communication is then given, after which the writer proceeds :—

"During the above communication of Calhoun, the table moved occasionally, perhaps a foot, first one way and then the other. After the communication closed, we all moved back from the table—from two to four feet, so that *no one touched the table*. Suddenly the table moved from the position it occupied, some three or four feet, rested a few moments, and then moved back to its original position. Then it again moved as far the other way, and returned to the place it started from. One side of the table was then raised, and stood for a few moments at an angle of about thirty-five degrees, and then again rested on the floor as usual."

"The table was a large, heavy, round table, at which ten or a dozen persons might be seated at dinner. *During all these movements no person touched the table, nor was any one near it.*" After this the spirit requested them to get another square table: this was accordingly done, when the writer again proceeds :

"The square table was of cherry, with four legs—a large-sized tea table. It was brought out and substituted for the round one, the leaves being raised. I took my seat on the

centre; the three ladies sat at the sides and end, their hands and arms resting upon it. This of course added to the weight to be raised; namely, my own weight, and the weight of the table. Two legs of the table were then raised about six inches from the floor, and then the other two were raised to a level of the first, *so that the whole table was suspended in the air about six inches above the floor.* While thus seated on it, I could find a gentle vibratory motion, as if floating in the atmosphere. After being thus suspended in the air for a few moments, the table was gently let down again to the floor.

"At a subsequent meeting, Calhoun directed me to bring three bells and a guitar: I brought them accordingly. The bells were of different sizes—the largest like a small-sized dinner bell. He directed a drawer to be put under the square table. I put under it a bureau drawer, bottom-side up. He directed the bells to be placed on the drawer. The three ladies and myself were seated at the table, with our hands and arms resting upon it. The bells commenced ringing in a sort of chime. Numerous raps were made, as if beating time to a march. The bells continued to ring, and to chime in with the beating of time. The time of the march was slow and solemn; it was beautiful and perfect; the most fastidious ear could find no discrepancy in it.

"The raps then ceased, and the bells rang violently for several minutes. A bell was then pressed on my foot, my ankle, and my knee. This was at different times repeated; knocks were made most vehemently against the under side of the table, so that a large tin candlestick was by every blow raised completely from the table by the concussion.

"Here the ringing of the bells ceased, and then I felt sensibly and distinctly the impression of a hand on my foot, ankle, and knee. These manifestations were several times repeated.

"I was then directed to put the guitar on the drawer. We were all seated as before, with our hands and arms resting on the table.

"The guitar was touched softly and gently, and gave forth sweet, and delicious sounds, like the accompaniment to a beautiful and exquisite piece of music. It then played a sort of symphony, in much louder and bolder tones."

The following is the writer's account of the mode in which he obtained the spiritual autograph of his deceased friend:—

"We met pursuant to appointment, took our seats at the table, our hands and arms resting on it as usual. I placed the paper with my silver cased pencil on the drawer, and said—'My friend, I wish the sentence to be in your own

handwriting, so that your friends will recognize it. He replied, 'You will know the writing.' He then said, 'Have your mind on the spirit of John C. Calhoun.' I soon heard a rapid movement of the pencil on the paper, and a rustling of the paper, together with a movement of the drawer. I was then directed to look under the drawer. I looked, and found my pencil outside of the drawer, near my feet, but found no paper in the drawer where I placed it. On raising up the drawer, I discovered the paper all under it; the sheets were a little deranged, and, on examining, I found on the outside sheet these words—'I'm with you still.' This autograph was subsequently shown to several of Mr. Calhoun's friends, and at once recognized as his."

Have your readers borne with me during these lengthened, and we may truly say, terrible, extracts? I would not have subjected them to such an infliction, but it is so eminently characteristic throughout of the higher range of narratives now flooding America in ever increasing numbers. Judge Edmonds, to whom I have already alluded, has, it is said, without the aid of the Misses Fox, produced effects equally marvellous. I trust that all will now perceive the grievous absurdity of limiting our remarks on this subject to table-moving, or to the achievements of the media who have yet arrived in Britain. Wait till the hierophants of this modern magic appear in the European Babylon. Belgravia has been stirred from the repose of its fashionable sanctuaries already by the performances of those simple priestesses, who have come but as the precursors of those true thaumaturgic vestals, the Misses Fox, already, it is said, preparing for a descent this winter on that Californian realm for the celebrated—the west end during the season. And what is to become of excitable Paris, and mystic Germany, under such an influx of the unaccountable? Shall we be pardoned for asking what will be the result of all this, even to grave and decorous Scotland, should such things be achieved here in her Athenian capital, and subsequently throughout the length and breadth of her varied provinces? Is it to be wondered at that tens of thousands have been carried away by such a current into the gulph of a boundless fanaticism, where they become the easy victims of every fresh hallucination which may chance to be conceived in the brain of some powerful medium. Verily, the matter is of an aspect sufficiently important to attract the most serious attention of all who have the moral and intellectual well being of the community at heart, and who would not willingly permit this flood of superstition to come upon an utterly unprepared generation.

But to return to our attempted explanation of the foregoing phenomena. To what class of facts do they belong? and have we anything analogous to them in previous history? They are the results of the will power, and the records of the supposed preternatural in all ages and countries abound with narratives of similar manifestations. These, it must be admitted, are bold assertions: but let us to the proof. That the human organism can under certain conditions radiate a force, which, like that of the magnet in relation to iron, can attract or repel various substances, such as articles of furniture, &c., was clearly shewn in the case of Angelique Cottin, a young French glovemaker, aged fourteen, investigated by the veteran Arago, and reported upon by him to the Paris Academy of Sciences, at its sitting on the 16th of February, 1846. In this case, however, the movements were involuntary; but in the narrative of the disturbances at Mr. Mompesson's house in Tedworth, in the year 1661, we have equally astounding results produced by the will of an absent drummer, who, it seems, contrived to sustain a most harassing series of marches and other military harmonies upon a drum, then kept securely in the possession of Mr. M., who had taken possession of this martial instrument by way of punishing its errant master, who, in return, inflicted the most vexatious annoyances on the worthy gentleman. We have also somewhat similar results in the case of Frederica Hauffe, the celebrated seeress of Prevorst, whose voice has thus been heard in one locality while she was in another, and who also could produce raps and other sounds at a distance. In short, the records of all time show that men can, under certain circumstances, act as well as perceive at a distance. This seems indeed to be the positive phase of extatic manifestation, that in which there is not merely the receptive power in reference to impressions from remote objects, but also the still higher ability to ray forth a force upon them. It exhibits the clairvoyant percipient rising to the level of a reactive agency, proportionate to his recipient susceptibility. It is an exhibition of power comparatively unknown in these latter ages, but with which the thaumaturgists of antiquity were once familiar. It is the grand motor for all genuine magical phenomena of the physical order, and, however unpalatable to our savans, it is a power whose astounding effects they will yet have to humbly investigate. I believe, then, that the effects testified to by Mr. Tallmadge, although no doubt greatly exaggerated in the narrative, had a basis in fact, and were, in so far as they were actual, produced by spirits, but by spirits clothed with mortal garments like

ourselves. They were, in short, the result of the combined will of himself and party, the Misses Fox furnishing the principal motor, and Mr. T. the chief regulating or directing, power. It was a fine reproduction of those necromantic scenes by which Apollonius of Tyana and other masters of the occult so powerfully impressed their disciples in the olden time, when the usually latent energies of the human mind were effectually evolved by the prolonged and careful training of individuals endowed with organizations of the requisite susceptibility for such extraordinary feats.

Such an explanation will of course be laughed to scorn by all who are ignorant of or disbelievers in the higher range of mesmeric phenomena, or who are unread in the mystic lore of the occult sciences. Such individuals will at once deny the facts, however supported by apparently unexceptionable and continually increasing evidence. This is no doubt a source of safety, while the enchanters remain at a distance: but it is a circumstance not a little noteworthy, as attaching to these extraordinary displays of mental power, that precisely those who were the most firm in denying the facts when only supported by evidence, generally succumbed the most abjectly to a superstitious belief in the supernatural when the "incredible and impossible" phenomena were actually presented to their own senses. As we have before remarked, ignorance, so far from being a safeguard, is a snare. The adept is only potential as a preternatural wonder-worker among those who are unacquainted with his processes, and who consequently, overwhelmed by his results, sink at once and without further enquiry into a blind submission to his teachings. Were the narrative of Mr. Tallmadge the only one of the kind extant, I should be inclined to account for his experiences by attributing them solely to a biological condition of his system at the time he witnessed these portentous effects: but similar testimony is so continually borne by other and independent observers that such an explanation, however plausible, would, I feel assured, eventually prove untenable. Let it be distinctly recollected that we shall have to look such facts in the face, that their arrival here is only a question of time, and that a shallow philosophy of mere negation will prove utterly incompetent to save either its professors or the multitude from the consequences which have ever ensued under similar circumstances—namely, that those who pertinaciously deny the phenomena of nature as facts, are, on their undeniable presentment, compelled to receive them as miracles.

It appears that only in a very few instances have the

ghosts yet become either visible or vocal, under both which highly satisfactory forms of presentment, however, I suspect they will yet afflict or edify our transatlantic friends. The movement has obviously not yet attained to its culminating point; in short, the known limits of nature in the production of results have not yet been reached, and consequently there is still a considerable margin left for exaltation in the character of the phenomena. Neither apparently has the maximum of numerical progression been yet passed, for the rate of conversion seems to be rather increasing than diminishing, while there is obviously a growing confidence in the ultimate success of their creed, and a steadily advancing tendency to missionary enterprises on the part of the Rappists, anything but indicative of a failure in spirit or resources. They profess to aim at nothing less than the spiritual enlightenment of the whole world, and I doubt not that their "rise and progress" will be among the more important features of our age that history will have to narrate as circumstances characteristic of the nineteenth century.

I will now, for the purpose of concluding my remarks on this strange and truly portentous revival of heathen and mediæval superstition, endeavour to sum up and state as concisely as possible some of the objections which have been urged against the doctrines and practices of the rappists on moral and logical grounds, together with their advocacy and reply. Their opponents, then, have dwelt much on the fact, that the supposed spiritual interlocutors, who come to teach the simple inhabitants of earth with such paramount authority in reference to things celestial, have not, in the majority of instances, made themselves so far acquainted with things terrestrial as to maintain an accurate observance even of the simple rules of orthography, in rapping out their supramundane communications through the alphabet. While others exhibit such a sovereign contempt for the laws of syntax, and other recondite mysteries of grammar, as clearly to shew that Lindley Murray's labour of love was very nearly in vain, in so far at least as the progress of his ghostly pupils was concerned. Nay, what is still more astounding, it is found that certain illustrious literati, who certainly never were suspected of labouring under such deficiencies during life, have now, in their upward and onward progress from sphere to sphere, left so much of their mortal dross behind as to have actually become oblivious of some of the simplest principles of composition; and, while no doubt effectually mastering supernal lore, have apparently

forgotten, as probably beneath their regard, those manifold temporal attainments to which in some measure they doubtless owed their well-earned reputation with mortal men. Nay, the spirits of deceased *savans* have, it is said, on some notable occasions, displayed but a very superficial knowledge of the laws of the physical universe, and have replied to certain searching questions in a manner so vague and unsatisfactory as to indicate anything but a profounder and more accurate knowledge of nature than that which they possessed when denizens of this lower terraqueous realm. To all these rather grave and admitted objections it has been somewhat ingeniously replied, that the medium, as the name implies, is the instrument for transmitting all this spiritual knowledge—is the one channel through which it has to be passed—is in short the moral atmosphere through which alone such transcendent solar luminosity can reach our dull and corporeal senses, and so act upon our contracted and materialized minds. Now, suns may shine as brightly as they please, but envious clouds will nevertheless occasionally intervene, and obscure the radiance which is yet pouring with unmitigated effulgence behind them. So it is, say these easy and good-natured apologists, with the media; they, by their ignorance and incapacity, but too often obscure and stultify the lucid messages which they, as incompetent agents, transmit from the inhabitants of one sphere of being to those of another. It is not in short the spirits who are ignorant but their reporters, who, it seems, by an inversion of the process said to be employed in reference to a certain honourable house, so far from converting turgid nonsense, confused statements, and meaningless platitudes, into the readable expositions of sentiment contained in our newspapers, do, on the contrary, in the most culpable manner, confound, weaken, and utterly vitiate, the truly sublime and exalted communications of which they thus become the lamentably inefficient vehicles. Now all this may or may not be true, and its acceptance as a sufficient apology will of course depend to some extent on the calibre—we had almost determined to use the vulgar word “swallow”—of the minds to whom it may be addressed: but, accepted or rejected, we do not see how it can very greatly modify the estimate we are likely to form of the genuineness and authenticity as spiritual revelations of the communications yet received. If these heavenly messages, to a considerable extent, confessedly take their tone as high or low in sentiment, clear or confused in statement, correct and elegant or vulgar and contemptible in language, as the medium used chances to be

educated or the reverse, or, when highly susceptible to thought-reading, as the company assembled happens to be of a superior or inferior order of minds, what evidence have we, I say, that the whole seeming communication is anything more than a psychical echo of ideas already existing in, or of knowledge already attained to by, the mortal intelligences who constitute the circle or are *in rapport* with its members? Of the entire honesty of the narrators of these extraordinary transactions I do not for a moment doubt; but of their ignorance of mesmerism, or incapacity to apply its facts to the scientific elucidation of the phenomena now occurring in America, the entire literature of the rappers affords the most ample and convincing evidence.

But a still more formidable objection to receiving the teachings of such spirits as have thus far spoken through most of the existing media yet remains to be stated, and this is, that they are confessedly *liars*. The same spirit will sometimes contradict him or herself in statements respecting either this world or the next, and nothing is more common than for one ghostly interlocutor to declare that some other who has previously communicated is an untrustworthy and deceiving spirit! Nay, when one purporting to be Benjamin Franklin has uttered his "wise saws," it is no unusual thing for a second to announce himself as the veritable American sage, and forthwith declare that his predecessor was a shameless counterfeit! And there is somewhere in the States a select orthodox circle whose purer celestial visitants roundly assert that the spirits of all other circles are mere wonder-working devils, sent on earth with permission to undermine the faith and practice of all who are so foolish as to place trust in them! And already a multitudinous diversity of ridiculous tests are being had recourse to for the purpose of "trying the spirits" and discovering whether they be in truth what they represent themselves. Sundry recipes for detecting the bad and detaining the good spirits are also occasionally promulgated, together with many other absurdities, visible enough to those on the outside of these charmed enclosures, but seemingly quite invisible to all who are involved in this moral "dance of death." What does the reader think of the following admission by the Rev. Adin Ballou, one of the most eloquent and amiable advocates of the spirit theory who has yet written on the subject. "Responses have been made purporting to come from the spirits of persons deceased, giving their names, relationships to the living, and various communications, but afterwards it turned out that the persons *represented* as dead were alive in the

flesh." "In other (cases) low, uncouth, profane, obscene, and vulgar sentences of words were spelled out." After many similar admissions, the reverend writer concludes his strange paragraph thus:—"In fine, specimens of almost everything incoherent, contradictory, deceitful, and absurd have come from what purported to be spirits, in this class of manifestations." No wonder Mr. Ballou and his co-believers find it necessary to divide the spirits into *reliable* and *unreliable*.

Let us now look at some of the logical inconsequences and preposterous statements of our rapping friends. They tell us that in the next sphere of being every mind forms its own environment from habits of thought and action indulged in here, and that, nevertheless, each spirit is comparatively happy and essentially progressive. In plain language, they mean that every human being is at death translated to a sphere of existence in which he or she is rendered capable of gratifying all previous desires to the uttermost, without any of the moral or physical restraints which are happily interposed between desire and gratification; and that, nevertheless, amidst this unlimited indulgence there is moral progress. That with everything to tempt and nothing to restrain, with exhaustless facilities for pleasure and an utter incapacity for the experience of pain, natures utterly brutalized and degraded here can yet undergo an effective purification and edification of their entire moral and intellectual being there. Have these credulous people ever seen some grovelling creature, unfortunately endowed with that "open sesame,"—a well-filled purse, that is, with temporal and practical ability for extensive, although fortunately not unlimited, indulgence in the prevailing propensities of his nature; and have they not too often seen the sad result of this combination of circumstances, namely, human beastiality carried to its ultimate? Are the gamester, the drunkard, and the profligate, on the road to progress, when supplied with the means for recommencing their career and perpetrating their demoralizing actions, without death to awe or disease and poverty to restrain them? Alas! for the enunciation of amiable twaddle on subjects so serious!

That the delectable young ladies, who constitute so large a proportion of the more celebrated media in America, would make a very endurable hereafter by the realization of all the pretty desires, we can readily conceive. To pass the earlier stages of an eternal existence in tinting roses, reading novels, executing everlastingly new polkas, and at due intervals soothing the sublime sorrows or checking the amiable fro-

wardness of some immortal lap-dog, may perhaps seem very innocent, if not very ennobling, avocations for departed spirits. But—aye, we repeat that grave monosyllable—but, all earthly minds have not so limited their desires, so regulated their habits; and, if translated to immortality with all their present pursuits and proclivities, with all their customary associates and adjuncts, and endowed, moreover, with the fearful prerogative of an indefinite call for everything which a thoroughly sensualized mind could wish, I fear, such minds so conditioned, instead of steadily ascending to a higher, would inevitable descend to a lower, sphere. Moreover, what a palpable contradiction have we here; for, if the next sphere be in truth the analogue of this, then it must be so entirely and not partially. Why, if that too be a state of trial and tuition like this; why, we say, leave out the sombre analogues of our death, disease, disgrace, poverty, hunger, and the thousand other painful processes of discipline by which an erring humanity is providentially restrained within some limitation and the fearful tide of a world's depravity has boundaries set to its advance by One who can say with power to its consuming waves, thus far and no farther? Away, we say, to the priests of Brahma and Budha, whose painful transmigrations preach a sterner morality than this. Away to the Moslem Moollah, whose sensual heaven is at least reserved for the faithful of his creed. Does man indeed reap as he has sown? Then not on the downy beds of ease will the criminally voluptuous expiate their sins against the purity and weal of our common race. The creed that dares not avow those laws which are the unavoidable requirements, the inevitable necessity, of a moral universe, and substitutes in the place of this stern legislation the mawkish dreams of a maudlin sentimentality, stands thereby, in the face of the whole creation, a God-proclaimed falsity, a lie against the fundamental constitution of things, and will prove a snare to its votaries now, and be considered as a contemptible solecism in morals by every manly and right-minded generation hereafter. These pretended spiritual communications bear throughout the stamp and impress of minds which dare not look consequences in the face. In their puerile sketch of an ulterior condition of being, the pusillanimous wish has indeed proved father to the weak and pitiable thought. Talk of their descriptions of heavenly spheres as authentic delineations by their inhabitants! Why, one stroke from the pen of true genius, one terrible line from Dante, one sublime burst from Milton, were of more worth, for true grandeur and power of embodiment, than all the diffused feebleness

and strained inanity which have yet been riddled from the confused heap of conflicting trash thus palmed on the world as an authorized communication from celestial intelligences.

It now only remains, by way of completing our sketch of this strange movement, to inform the reader of those sources whence he may obtain access to facts and details that the nature and necessarily limited extent of the present communication would not permit of my introducing. The first work, then, to which I would recommend his attention, is *Sights and Sounds*, by Spicer, an English gentleman, who was in America during most of the excitement on the rapping, &c., and who has furnished us with a very readable narrative of "the mystery of the day," as he terms the spirit manifestations. The author advances no theory, and merely furnishes an historical sketch of the facts which had transpired from the commencement of the movement till he published his work. The volume also contains a slight sketch of similar manifestations at other periods, and is altogether a very pleasing production, not the less so, perhaps, for being obviously the work of an unpractised hand. The writer, in short, is no bookmaker; not in the slightest sense of the term "an author by profession." In his "Sequel," I am sorry to observe a certain waspish tendency towards his reviewers and opponents. Above all, he need not have hit quite so hard at *Mrs. Zoist*, seeing that the old lady, if such she be, has certainly done some good service in her day and generation to the cause of "truth against the world." When Mr. Spicer has had a few years more experience in the advocacy of an unpopular subject, he will know the full value of insensibility, whether natural or acquired. No man should attempt to disturb the hornets who has not the hide of a rhinoceros wherein to receive their stings!

The next work which should be read is, *The Philosophy of Mysterious Agents*, by E. C. Rogers, an American *savant*, who endeavours to account for the raps and their revelations, the self-movement of tables, and the independent performance of instruments, by automatic nervous action; cerebral when there is intelligence, ganglionic or spinal when there is none. The author has certainly favoured us with a most profoundly systematic development of his theory, and I would not advise any one to attempt a thorough perusal of this most learned exposition who is not a good *wader*. The fault of the hypothesis is like that of so many other ingenious elaborated conceptions, namely, that it proves too much, and, carried out to its ultimate, would prove, not only that the media and all clairvoyant subjects are automatic in their mental manifesta-

tions, but that so much of what we accomplish in the ordinary processes of life is "purely mechanical" that it would certainly be much the most convenient to consider ourselves as "mere machines," nervous spindles, set going by "appropriate mundane influences," in virtue of which, one man spins a *Paradise Lost*, and another sets it up in type! Admirable mechanisms both! Like many other earnest thinkers, Mr. Rogers rides his hobby a little too hard; but his book is so full, not only of many "wise saws," but also of many "modern (and we may add parenthetically, ancient) instances," that, despite much dry repetition, it certainly is an instructive, although I can scarcely add amusing, work.

To those who are desirous of knowing what the American pulpit has to say on the subject, I would recommend the Rev. Charles Beecher's (brother of Mrs. Beecher Stowe) *Review of the Spiritual Manifestations*. The author admits the facts, but denies that they are natural; and thus, assuming them to be supernatural, he endeavours to prove them demoniacal. The hypothesis is, "*spirits can only obtain access through prepared odylic conditions.*" When we state that Mr. Beecher thinks demons, by which he means the unblessed spirits of the departed, may occasion blindness, deafness, &c., by depriving the rightful owner of these senses that they (the demons) may thereby furnish themselves with such faculties, the essential character of the work may be at once estimated. Such ideas are, no doubt, eminently suitable to the latitude of Tartary, but must, one would suppose, prove rather at a discount in New York and London. It is said that one extreme begets another, and that in this way the due equipoise of things is maintained. Perhaps this rather curious condemnation of the manifestations was thus evoked by the spiritual advocacy of the Rev. Adin Ballou, who, in entire reliance on their preternatural origin, has furnished us with a very pleasing exposition of these recent wonders. Of all the melancholy exhibitions attendant on this fanatical movement, we know of none more so than those furnished by these two clergymen. On the one hand, dark retrogressions into the black diablerie of the middle ages: quotations from Jamblicus to illustrate new facts in natural philosophy by referring them to the direct intervention of archones! On the other, an almost blind submission to the teachings of a few excitable clairvoyants, and a wild pursuit of truth by mystical lights which have already brought their followers to the verge of that abyss out of whose fathomless depths the grim shadows of Brahminism, Buddhism, and Rosicrucianism, and every other form of ex-

tatic tuition, have in all ages been emerging. Verily, it is a sad and serious thing to see men who have stood in Christian pulpits come to such a pass that they are fain to accept the guidance of heathen oracles for deliverance from the dilemmas on which, by their own misguided proclivities to the occult, they have needlessly fallen. We may safely leave the Reichenbachs and Gregorys, the Elliotsons and Esdailes, of our age, to do battle with the host of misunderstood phenomena. These men will in the end doubtless prevail to sift the facts from the fallacies, the true from the false; and I suspect that, when this shall have been accomplished, the world (embracing even our American cousins) will find that the *ghost*, which has occasioned so much disturbance, was, after all, only *mesmerism in disguise!* come in this Puck fashion to laugh at a generation which, having refused the sage clothed in wisdom and beneficence, was nevertheless but too happy to receive the fool clad in his motley and bells!

J. W. JACKSON.

Edinburgh.

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- II. An account of "*Mesmerism proved True, and the Quarterly Reviewer reviewed.*" By the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, A.M., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. London: Thomas Bosworth, 215, Regent Street. 1854." pp. 216.

THE name of Chauncy Hare Townshend is dear to all British mesmerists. In 1839, he published his work entitled, *Facts in Mesmerism, with reasons for a dispassionate inquiry into it.* At that time the storm was raging most violently against mesmerism. The Professors and Council of University College were absolutely rabid, having just forbidden the patients of the hospital to be any longer cured by mesmerism, although many had been pleasantly and beautifully cured by it; having pronounced mesmerism to be all delusion and collusion and too vile a thing for them to permit it in their scientific, pure, and refined establishment; and attempting to justify, to all they met, their ignorant and uncivilized proceedings and their contempt of him who had made their medical school what it never had been before and never has been since: the language of some of the professors was disgraceful. The medical journalists were at the height of their coarse abuse, and the whole medical profession storming in every town and village. Mr. Townshend displayed high rectitude and great moral courage. Few British mesmerists have

not read the *Facts in Mesmerism*. It reappeared in a second edition in 1844, Mr. Townshend having absolutely made a present of this edition to Mr. Baillière, the bookseller. The Rev. Mr. Sandby, in his admirable work, *Mesmerism and its Opponents*, p. 21, calls Mr. Townshend's volume a "philosophical book," and the character is amply deserved. It is a sound, solid production, evincing a thorough knowledge of the subject obtained from experience, and careful reflection upon this experience. The work abounds in proofs of mesmeric effects in cases where suggestion was as impossible as in the case of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius; but all which, like those in which *The Zoist* abounds, were entirely passed over, without a single allusion even to the work any more than to *The Zoist*, by these humble—most humble, highly informed—very highly informed, far sighted—very far sighted, modest—very modest, writers—*par nobile*—each *alter idem*, two writers in one, of the article in the *Quarterly Review*.

Mr. Townshend in his first pages shews that the review is begun in a bad spirit: and all the world will agree with him. One of the Reviewer's first assertions is impudent and false: "To the class of earnest and vigorous enquirers, (modest and unselfish B., and modest C., we suppose, to use letters only,) whom the true philosopher, whatever be his pursuit, welcomes as his most valuable coadjutors, the mesmerists and their allies have ever shewn a decided repugnance."

"This (says Mr. Townshend) is not the language of a humble lover of truth. To discredit one's antagonist is an easy way of knocking him down. But is the assertion true? I propose an amendment—'To the class of prejudiced and lax enquirers,' (amongst whom we may perhaps discover the Reviewer himself,) 'the mesmerists have ever shewn a decided repugnance.' There is, in fact, a class of pseudo-philosophers, of men of science falsely so called, who decline to enlarge the narrow boundaries of their limited experience by admitting any new principle into their vocabulary. Such men cannot step beyond the A B C of science. Routine is their existence. For them every new term is a bugbear. Yes, every new term—more than any new fact: for as long as they can refer new facts to old principles they seem to be content."—p. 4.

Mr. T. conceives that in biologizing, hypnotizing, &c., the one human being is exerting an occult influence upon the other by his will.

"His (the Reviewer's object) being to shew that the phenomena are self-evolved, methinks he had done wiser to have got rid of all extraneous preliminaries whatsoever. Nay, I cannot see how phenomena that are induced by *any* methods of which a human being

is the employer can apply to the present question. Whatever may be their quality, they have been originated, and are wielded, by the presence, the commands, the prescriptions of a human being. *There is the man in the room.* You cannot get rid of him. . . . Mr. Braid may have his doubts whether he should be obliged to the Reviewer who holds him up to praise on the ground that he had not originated his own wonders. The great Hypnotizers and Biologists of the day, stripped of their wand and laurel crown, may henceforth hide their heads. We need them not. It is the patients who do it all themselves! and yet, without the Hypnotist, or Biologist, the phenomena do not occur. Thus have we seen that the Reviewer's handle to his theory does not truly fit the occasion, just because of the *man in the room.*"—pp. 9, 11.

"Biology differs as much from Mesmerism as Judaism from Christianity—yet resembles it perhaps in about the same proportion. There *may be* the same agent, but there is a different development in each. And these two dissimilar reasons are equally potent in rendering Biology an unhappy illustration for the Reviewer. It cannot suit his purpose both because of likeness and unlikeness. The likeness, which consists in the human agency, and induction *ab extra*, renders it unfit to prop a Theory of Suggestion: the unlikeness, which consists in its adulteration and distortion, bars that through its sides a man should attack Mesmerism.

"One service at least the Reviewer has unconsciously rendered us. He has set the difference between Biology and Mesmerism in the strongest light. He has shewn that Biology has on it a broad stamp of suggestive influence which is wanting in Mesmerism: for it is precisely on these grounds that he has chosen the former as a weapon of attack against the latter. Patently, and on the surface, the Biologists (whatever be their *ultima ratio*) use Suggestion largely as a handle to their influence. But all this is the reverse of Mesmerism, or of the methods used by Mesmerists. Again I say, let any one visit the Mesmeric Hospital. Will he there witness the same things as in a biologic chamber? No! He will not see persons straining their eyes, or hear them told they cannot remember their names: he will behold real effects produced by quiet methods—patients recovering their sight, or the health of their nervous system, by the simple passes made in undemonstrative silence.

"Briefly—the object of the Biologist is to rouse Suggestion, and to work on Fancy; the object of the Mesmerist is to eliminate them both. The one does not care how mixed and impure are the phenomena which he elicits: the other carefully sequesters those facts which the accurate observer would wish to examine in their most rigid simplicity. To him, the effects of a pass made behind a patient's back, or attraction from a distance, are worth all the wonders in the world into which Imagination and Suggestion cannot but largely enter. So different indeed are Biology and Mesmerism that they will stand apart by mere definition. If the Mesmeric state be defined as a state induced by passes of the human hand (and indeed on the human hand alone a chapter might be written of which Bell

never dreamt), then is Biology plainly excluded from the same category."—pp. 40—42.

Mr. T. remarks on the impudence of the Reviewer in asserting that mesmerism is still doubted because mesmerists have not called in the assistance of their antagonists; that is, of himself and friends, who are ignorant of the subject. Oh the modesty of these youths who, as though those that had studied the subject long, laboriously, and conscientiously, wanted the help of the ignorant, conceited, and unscrupulous, say that they entertain the lowest opinion of the logical powers of the great bulk of the upholders of the mesmeric system and that they have never met with "a single believer in these higher mysteries who has exhibited the qualities of mind which would entitle his testimony to respect upon any other subject in which his feelings were interested." This is also the very language used constantly by those sworn allies, Messrs. Braid and Carpenter, in conversation.

"They undervalue us, and, like that amiable party whom the Psalmist depicts, cry out, 'It is we who ought to teach! Who is lord over us?' . . . The true philosopher smiles in silence at this extraordinary pride in a defect (ignorance); for it is not the European, but the Esquimaux, who glorifies himself because he has got a club foot."—pp. 53, 54.

Mr. T. exposes the vast ignorance of the facts of mesmerism in the Reviewer, and castigates and ridicules charmingly—though perhaps the sin is not ignorance but wilful and most unprincipled ignoring, which arises from the lowest and worst of feelings, certain ultimately to brand the writer indelibly for the contempt and scoff of society.

"Throughout the whole of this matter, it is not we," says Mr. T., "who are to be charged with negligent examination or ignorance of our subject, but it is our adversaries who err towards us by ignoring the amount of our knowledge and what we are really doing."—p. 60.

The Reviewer

"Declares, that 'the *rapport* was not discovered until long after the practice of the art had come into vogue, having been unknown to Mesmer and his immediate disciples.' Now Deleuze, a contemporary, if not immediate disciple, of Mesmer, (and Mesmer did not die till 1815,)* discovered at a very early stage of Mesmeric

* Deleuze first began to study mesmerism practically in 1784, when two and thirty years old; and in 1813 published a work upon it that cost him twenty-five years of preparation by experience and reflexion. See Foissac's *Rapports et Discussions*, p. 243.—*Zoist*.

observation the existence of that peculiar sympathy and attraction which the subject has to the Mesmeriser, and which is technically called '*Rapport*.'"—p. 61.

We all know that this rapport continually comes out unexpectedly, in persons who never heard of it, and even in children. Yet the Reviewer coolly says that,—

" 'Several Mesmerisers have not been able, for some time, to detect the '*Rapport*,' but 'have obtained immediate evidence of it when once the idea had been put into their own minds and thence transferred into those of their subjects.'

"The words marked by me in italics are, as regards the interests of the Reviewer, perilous, and fraught with dangerous matter. We ask directly, *how?*—how is the idea transferred from one mind to another? Not always verbally I am sure. When I Mesmerised, many proofs presented themselves to me that '*Rapport*' existed without any thought of it on my part, or any previous knowledge of it on the part of my patient. I remember a remarkable instance when I Mesmerised a very talented man, Mr. Arthur Clough, author of some clever poems. He assured me, previously to the Mesmerising, that he knew nothing about Mesmerism, but was willing to try what it felt like.

"I had succeeded in inducing the sleep, when, so little was I thinking about '*Rapport*,' I left my patient comfortably installed in an arm chair, and went into an adjoining room. Suddenly I heard a great kicking, and, going back, I found Mr. Clough in a most excited state, throwing himself about, seizing whatever was next him, and hurling cushions, &c., about the room. I found that the only means to calm him was to remain near him, and to make passes over him. When recovered, he said, 'You must not go away from me. When you did just now, it made me feel very ill.'

"As the reverse of the medal, I can say that I have also met with patients whom no Suggestion could persuade into '*Rapport*.'

"Though Mesmerised they went about the room freely, conversed with anybody; and, when asked if they felt uneasy on my leaving them, invariably answered, 'Not at all!'"—pp. 62, 63.

The following assertion is most true, and the illustrations most interesting:—

"As one experienced in Mesmerism, I assert that it is the Subject who teaches the Mesmeriser, not the Mesmeriser who Suggests to the Subject. Sometimes indeed the latter astonishes him by new and unexpected phenomena, which lie wholly beyond his control. With regard to this very matter of *Rapport*, I can relate some singular caprices in Somnambulists, the development of which was spontaneous.

"Once I was trying the experiment of Mesmerising what is called '*the chain*'—meaning a row of persons, who sit holding each other's hands, while the Mesmeriser performs passes before them all. Four persons, in this case, formed the chain. The two in the

middle were ladies who knew a good deal about Mesmerism; the two at the ends were a young lady and gentleman, who were altogether ignorant of Mesmerism. Yet these two were precisely the persons who were affected by the passes. In a short time, while the others remained unimpressed, they seemed to pass into profound coma. Soon a curious circumstance was observable. One of them began to stir as if passing into the sleep-waking state; immediately the other performed the same gesture. This occurred several times with reciprocal exactness. If the young man rubbed his brow, the lady (a cousin of mine) rubbed hers also. If the lady leant her head back, the young man leant his head back. This curious state of things I silently pointed out to the attention of the two wide-awake ladies, to whom I also signed that they should remain as they were; and then, standing so as to hide my doings from one of those who had passed into mutual *Rapport*, I performed a series of most interesting experiments—the more interesting from being wholly unexpected. I found I could, by only acting on one, influence the two simultaneously, just as if I held the wires of two puppets. If I attracted the arm, or leg, or head of the one, the corresponding arm, or leg, and the head of the other performed precisely the same motion. Nay, I could make their mouths open and shut at the same moment. See each other they could not, for they were both leaning back in their chairs, so that the two middle persons blocked them out from the view of each other. At length, the ladies who had remained awake got tired of their position and broke the chain, when instantly the simultaneous phenomena ceased.”—pp. 64, 65.

Mr. T. has no mercy upon the conceit of the superficial, flimsy Reviewer, for his refusal to be taught by those who only are qualified to teach him: and ridicules him in a way calculated to make him feel, did not his conceit—his enormous development of self-esteem, render him as insensible to the most exquisite ridicule as the thickness of the skin of the sagacious rhinoceros to a bullet from a Minie rifle.

“He (the Reviewer) advises all men (oyer! oyer!) ‘to receive none of these statements’ (such, namely, as disagree with the Reviewer’s opinions) ‘upon the unsupported testimony of believers,’ (Reviewer’s italics.)

“Yet, what other testimony would the man have? What other testimony *could* he have.

“Decidedly, he is from potatoe-land!

“Would he have the testimony of unbelievers? A curious testimony that would be—Something of that kind of witness which the Jews would bear to the truth of the Gospel!

“Our opponents, forsooth, want, in dealing with us, to be Judge and Jury both. Yet Wordsworth, not a lawyer, was called to decide on a legal literary question, and to pronounce, by internal

evidence of style, whether certain letters attributed to an author were genuine or not. He was heard on his own subject as a competent witness.

"And have we not competent witnesses to the purity of our facts?"

"Bear witness of the names of Archbishop Whately, of Dr. Elliotson, of a Sandby, a Gregory, an Esdaile, a Monckton Milnes. Surely these are sufficient to counterpoise the credit due to Doctors Holland, Carpenter, &c.; and, with such men as the above to conduct our experiments, we must consider the Reviewer's assertion, that we want 'observers qualified for the task by habits of philosophic discrimination,' to be as weak and inconclusive as his other statements respecting us. At least, Whately knows logic, and the Reviewer might read his admirable book on that subject to advantage. Every one of the Anti-Mesmerists may be considered as adherents to old exploded systems. They are 'deceitful on the weights. They are altogether lighter than vanity itself.' Their peculiar methods with us shew the weakness of their cause. The whole, with them, is gratuitous assumption and reasoning in a vicious circle. Their mouth-piece first takes for granted the incompetence of Mesmeric observers, then does away with the law which sets *any* observer of any sequence of facts above any non-observer of such facts, and then declines to receive the testimony of experimental believers, *because* he has pronounced them incompetent observers."—pp. 71—73.

"There are many cases (says the Reviewer) of asserted Clairvoyance, to which, *if all that is stated of them be true* (my italics), none of these causes of fallacy apply.' So then, we lie, do we? Alas, how little does the Reviewer know of the strictness with itself of an honest mind!

"We *dare not* deceive ourselves. We *dare not* lie. 'C'est facile d'employer de pareils moyens; c'est difficile de s'y résoudre.'

"A Mesmeriser is not the dishonest thing which the Reviewer supposes. He is a human being, ready to be more severe with himself than anybody can be over him. He has had a work to do, compared with which, to convince the world, or even a Reviewer, is very nearly a worthless task. He has had to convince himself!

"And think you he will do this lightly?"

"Nay, but the human breast is severe in its requisitions. Though, sometimes, 'what we wish to believe, Hope conceives may be true;' yet, in the long run, what the heart wishes to believe, it guards against. To live, and be a lie to oneself, who could bear it? Fear not, then, reader, to trust the Mesmerist! For his own sake he will be—not, perhaps, a '*philosophical* investigator,' but an honest one. He will not say (to use Carlyle's forcible thought on Religion) 'Yes and no'—but 'Yes or no.' And in what does greater honesty consist? In believing the evidence of hourly experience, or, in denying to experimentalists the common trust reposed under the same circumstances in every human being?"

"Had those 'thorough-going believers,' of whom the Reviewer

manifests such a horror, (and no wonder, for they are too thorough-going for him,) been dealt with fairly, the world would not have now to enquire into the question of human influence exercised without the subject being pre-warned or suggested.

"Very recently I witnessed a most conclusive experiment, under this head, at the house of Mr. L——, a gentleman residing at Geneva, who, having been cured by Mesmerism of a paralytic affection, is naturally interested in the subject.

"The Mesmeriser was a master carpenter of Geneva—one of a class which, often more intelligent than what is called the superior, is not unfrequently led to the study of new phenomena. The subject was a young dressmaker, whom Mr. D——, the carpenter, mesmerised for her health, which was rapidly improving under the influence. The young woman was soon thrown into sleep-waking, and the experiment regarding unsuggested influence was as follows:—

"The patient who did not mind the operator leaving her, and who conversed freely with everybody in the room, was left with part of Mr. L's family in the dining-room, while the Mesmeriser, with Mr. L——, myself, and others, went into the drawing-room, which was divided from the dining-room by folding-doors. These doors were shut—indeed, closely shut. Then, one of the party present with the Mesmeriser (myself) in the first place gave a silent signal, in the midst of our talking, which we did not interrupt: and instantly the Mesmeriser, as agreed, made a quiet pass of a beckoning nature towards the drawing-room. Instantly we heard the somnambulist rush at the folding-doors, which she forced open so suddenly, in the beginning of our experiment, that we feared she might hurt herself; and (different persons present repeating the experiment several times) left them, afterwards, (though still closed,) not so firmly fastened as before. The party in the other room, who had tried to engage the girl in conversation, and even to hold her back, declared that her sudden and instantaneous rush to the door, that *we* knew, but *they* did not, to be simultaneous with the Mesmeriser's pass, was something extraordinary and almost fearful.

"Such experiments as these have not been performed merely in private, but before the world. A millionth part of the evidence accumulated for Mesmerism would have sufficed to settle any other question.

"For months, Dr. Elliotson was shewing to the world a series of experiments with the Okeys, most rigidly conducted.

"I once had the pleasure of talking with Mrs. Somerville about those very experiments, and I asked her what she saw. 'Why,' she replied, 'I saw Dr. Elliotson standing on one side of a screen, and the Okeys on the other, where certainly they could not possibly see him; and, whatever the Doctor did, they did. If he moved his left arm, they moved their left arms; if he made a face, they made the same face, &c.' 'Well,' I asked, 'did not all this strike you as very extraordinary?' 'Why, no,' responded the lady. 'I own I did not trouble myself to think much about it, as I concluded it was a sort of trick.'

"So it is ever with us and our opponents. Shew them the most accurate experiments, they have two things to fall back upon—fraud or folly. There is either collusion or deplorable weakness.

"I may also add that I have had the two Okeys at my house for hours together—young women, whose sincerity, in spite of the trumped-up stories of their having confessed to imposition, &c., I never had the slightest reason to doubt; and I have fixed Elizabeth Okey, by the most slight and distant passes down her back, when she was talking or laughing or going to fetch anything, into the most statue-like rigidity, and into attitudes which, so arrested, had all the grace of a statue as well as the beauty of life. At the time, also, when Dr. Elliotson was shewing his most interesting experiments with these girls to half London, anybody was allowed, by trial, to convince himself of the effect upon them of sudden passes from a distance and behind their backs.

"Again, I was present at a mesmeric *séance* which took place at Lord L's house in St. James's Square, and in the course of which the strictest proofs of influence without suggestion were afforded to a scientific party, amongst whom was Dr. Arnott, and, (I think) Mr. Babbage.

"The subject was a maid of Lady L——, (neither Lord nor Lady L—— was present during the *séance*.) After the girl had entered into sleep-waking, the Mesmeriser, who was himself chosen by the committee of enquirers, stood behind her chair, which was studiously placed where there was no mirror opposite, or any means whereby the subject could be made aware of the Mesmeriser's motions. The different doubters then handed silently to the Mesmeriser slips of paper, on which each had written, according to his fancy, what the Mesmeriser was to do. If it were written, 'Raise your right arm!' he raised it up—if, 'Nod your head,' he nodded it—if, 'Lift up your left leg,' he lifted up his left leg; and in no one single instance did the mesmerised girl fail to perform the same motion. But, as usual, what seemed too extraordinary to be believed was scarcely believed. 'Curious coincidence,' it appeared, was to do duty for the day. At last some one wrote, 'Put out your tongue;' and this was done on the part of the Mesmeriser, and so rapidly repeated by the patient, that all doubt seemed in a moment to be thawed out of the whole assembly, and a chorus of assent, and of applause, ran round the room.

"Another open demonstration, which took place about the same time as the foregoing, in London, was at the apartments of Mr. Monckton Milnes in Pall Mall. Mr. Stafford O'Brien, and many others amongst whom I was one, were present to witness the singular susceptibility of Mr. Christie, who at the slightest Mesmeric pass directed with intention towards himself, whether seen or unseen by him, fell into spasmodic convulsions of the most violent kind, during which, however, he never lost his consciousness. At the commencement of the experiments his eyes were so firmly closed through the action of the passes that he declared he could not open them,—then succeeded extraordinary contortions of the face, and, as the subject

was more worked upon, his whole body became convulsed. Of course, the great point for which we were convened was to prove 'Influence without Suggestion.' Accordingly, the operator was placed behind Mr. Christie, and at a considerable distance from him. Anybody could produce the effect. The experiment that seemed to strike every one the most was the following, in which I was the operator. Mr. Christie was placed with his back to the whole company, farther off from us than the middle of Mr. Monckton Milnes's large sitting-room—an apartment, I should guess, about thirty feet in length. I was placed, at the desire of the others, with my back to Mr. Christie, and close to the fire-place, which was at one end of the room. The experiment had a double end in view: namely, not only to ascertain 'Influence without Suggestion,' but also how far the Influence was capable of reflection from mirrors. I was therefore requested to direct at a particular signal, the single pass, which had been before sufficient to produce the desired effect, towards the figure of Mr. Christie reflected in a large looking-glass over the chimney-piece. I must observe that there was no mirror opposite or elsewhere in the room. Close to me was the deputy of the company, who was to give the signal for me to waive my hand. Every expedient was resorted to that might prevent any motion of mine from being a signal to my patient, even by the slight possible sound that the raising of my arm might make; and things were done to mystify Mr. Christie and to make me uncertain when the true signal might come. It was delayed for some little time, and no effect whatever was manifested. Mr. Christie stood always in the same position with his head parallel to the side walls and slightly bent down. Then the silent signal—the mere waiving of a hand—was given. I responded directly by one single slight and noiseless pass directed towards the glass, when instantly Mr. C. fell, as if shot, to the floor, and had an access of most violent convulsive movements, which lasted a considerable time. He was lifted up by two or three of the company and carried to the sofa, where the spasmodic action still continued till it seemed to wear itself out.

"Another person who was remarkably susceptible to the Influence conveyed by passes was Mr. Bush. In him, as if to baffle the suggestion-mongers, was this peculiarity. He was not affected by passes made in front of him for however long a time, but by passes made behind his back (often without his knowledge), and directed towards the neck, where the spinal marrow abuts upon the brain. Many persons will recollect that it was quite an amusement with those who loved to experimentalize, to put Mr. Bush to sleep without his knowledge or consent. So far from his being proud of this faculty of sensitiveness, I believe he was annoyed at it, and would, if he could, have suggested to himself utter resistance to those sly yet amicable tormentors who passed the drowsy spell upon him.

"Such openly demonstrated experiments ought to stand as so much ground gained to the Mesmerist. No such thing. All common rules are to be reversed in our case. What is once proved in other matters stands as a perpetual heir-loom to science. Not so as

regards Mesmerism. We may convince men nine hundred and ninety-nine times, but the thousandth time we are called upon to do the work all over again. What never was asked of any experimentalists before is demanded at our hauds. We are called upon to live in a constant state of proof. This is all the harder because the prejudice, the impatience, the wrong conceptions, the unreasonable demands, of our adversaries really do render our task peculiarly difficult."—pp. 73—80.

We must relate an instance of the common behaviour of our adversaries :—

"A clever, well-known divine, whom I will call Dr. W——, came, at his own request, to a *séance*, at which I was to mesmerise a patient remarkable for his power of reading and seeing objects by abnormal vision. Before the mesmerisation, nothing could be fairer than Dr. W——. I expounded to him somewhat of my theory, and he seemed pleased at the notion that some of the phenomena which he was about to see would bear on the subject of a vibratory ether; for, with regard to the theory of vibrations, Dr. W—— was not only a very strong believer, but a powerful advocate in print. However, the result proved that he would believe in nobody's vibrations but his own. Dr. W—— continued in the candid mood until the critical moment, when the phenomena were before him. Then I, having mesmerised my patient, begged him to place his fingers himself on the patient's eyes to ascertain that they were shut, (Dr. W—— thought this the most satisfactory test,) at the same time warning him that the eye-balls would move beneath his finger, as they always do in Mesmeric patients, but authorizing him to use any degree of pressure short of injurious violence. He held his fingers pressed tightly down on the patient's eyes, who then named every object held before him. Surely if Dr. W—— did not hold down the eyelids to his satisfaction, it was his own fault, and he had nobody to blame but himself. Thus he let the experiments go on for two or three minutes, and then, in a highly excited manner, and trembling from vehemence, called out, 'His eyes are *not* shut! It is all a trick and pretence!'

"Some persons present seemed annoyed at the manner of Dr. W——, and proposed bandaging the patient's eyes with a black silk handkerchief, and then stuffing with cotton, declaring that they should be satisfied if, in that state, the patient named objects held directly before the bandage. To gratify them, I allowed the eyes to be so bandaged. But, in the meantime, Dr. W—— had gone off from observing the phenomena at all, and had seated himself on a chair in a distant part of the room, where he turned performer himself. He got himself also bandaged, without cotton, and very loosely, and he was writhing about in order to get the bandage displaced and to have a peep at a card which some one held before him. Such is the influence of name, that nearly all the persons in the room deserted the Somnambulist and me, to look at the mountebank tricks of the Doctor. However, a few patient investigators of truth

remained near the Mesmerisee, and were amply rewarded by seeing some beautiful phenomena growing out of the very conduct that was meant to crush us. Though the Sleep-waker sat with closely-bandaged and wadded eyes and his back to the grimacing part of the company, he described everything they were doing with the most comic humour; and he asked, 'What in the world is that gentleman in the chair making such faces for, and what is he giving himself such trouble about?' Tell him from me that the card he is trying to see is so and so"—at the same time naming the card correctly. Some of the persons composing our small group called out what had been done; but the Doctorites, absorbed in admiration of their chief's sagacity, took no heed; and, though I am not aware that the Doctor ever succeeded in seeing anything, yet, when he rose from his chair, and announced that he 'had discovered the whole imposition—that the pretended Somaambolist only did a clever trick by *sleight of eye*, which was equivalent to a conjuror's *sleight of hand*' (what true analogy!) 'and that, *though* he could not yet do the trick to the same perfection, he thought that by practice he *might*,'—when, I say, the Cambridge Doctor had so expressed himself, all his adherents seemed perfectly satisfied, and joined in a chorus of approbation. Then, though a few persons present entreated Dr. W—— to stay a little while longer, and to give the thing a *little* more patient attention, he quitted the room in a hurry, and (sad to say) all his tail made their exit with him.

"However, the room was none the worse for the emptying it had undergone. The true and patient observers of Nature were thus made manifest, and the half-dozen men of real candour who remained were rewarded for their steadfastness by witnessing a series of most satisfactory phenomena."—pp. 85—88.

We have heard from some who were present that the divine doctor was the humble, mild, and kind Dr. Whewell, of Trinity.

We have curious accounts of the antimesmeric behaviour of a doctor at Antwerp, of the late Mr. Shiel, and of some living *savans* of Geneva, and of the worthy Mr. H. of Lausanne, who pious his faith on Dr. Roget. We have interesting details of experiments upon the thought-reading of Mdlle. Prudence Bernard,* and of the misconduct of the adversaries, who, as usual, behaved most irrationally and unfairly: of the mesmerisation of an idiot baby and of birds.

After pointing out the facility and duty of each person investigating mesmerism for himself, and the causes of our adversaries declining the test of personal experience, in a clear, decided, facetious, bantering, and yet severe manner,

* Said to be also a good clairvoyante, and now resident at No. 10, Great Castle Street, Oxford Street, with another very respectable French lady, who is a remarkably good mesmeriser.—*Zoist*.

he surveys the present state of public opinion upon the subject. He remarks, as Anti-Glorioso did in our last Number, which he did not see till long after his book was written, that the "*Review* admits facts which once were pooh-poohed with all possible ridicule:" and he holds up Mr. Braid, happy Mr. Braid! so befriended by the Reviewer, for us all to laugh at, as we do till our sides ache.

"Another advantage that the Review in the *Quarterly* has given us is, that we now have the *ultimatum* of our opponents. The enemy has not, indeed, become a friend, but is reduced to his last intrenchments. According to the Frenchman's mis-translation, "*voilà la dernière chemise*" of the Anti-Mesmerists. All that is now denied is the dynamic agent, and clairvoyance. We have, besides, at last, the hypothesis of our antagonists. They have long had ours. Our's was too much for them. Their's, alas, proves too little for us! But, at any rate, we know where we are. The ground is narrowed; the real question is fairly got at; the combat, hand-to-hand, may begin. Thus all that was meant for the destruction of Mesmerism ends to her advantage. Everything lends her a helping hand. Instead of being smothered under the feather-bed of Biology, she starts up refreshed. New discoveries give her new impetus; even turning-tables send her forward on her course; even Spirit-rapping knocks additional energy into her. The Article in the *Quarterly* itself stands as a landmark to her conquests, and a durable monument of her triumphs. And it is about her that the interest is grouped and concentrated. As amber embalms flies, she consecrates the trivialities even of a Review. Just as we read the memoirs of Sir Hudson Lowe only to get at everything about Napoleon, the world reads what comes out against Mesmerism only for Mesmerism's sake.

"Even our adversaries are only trying, *really*, to get out of their scrape, and to come gracefully to terms with us. They desire, as we *hope* (!) the Emperor of Russia does with regard to the Western Powers, after a few nominal victories, to conclude a treaty of peace. Denying that they stir, they are yet converging to our central point. They are on the turn."—pp. 118, 119.

He gives instances of the use of mesmerism in a severe case of abscess of the female breast, and in an injury to the hand of Sivioli, who by mesmerism was enabled to perform at Geneva after being declared by the surgeons to be disabled in his wrist for ever.

He quotes Arago's account of Bailly, the astronomer, for the fact of the advance of mesmerism.

"The greater part of the phenomena, which are grouped about modern Somnambulism, were neither known nor enunciated in 1783. A Mesmeriser of our day says, assuredly, the least probable thing in the world, when he affirms that such or such artificial Somnam-

bulists can see every object in the profoundest darkness, can read through obstacles, and even without using their eyes. But these things have nothing to do with the matter which Lavoisier, Franklin, or Builly investigated; they penetrate into an entirely new domain, of which those illustrious philosophers did not even suspect the existence.

"‘I cannot approve’ (proceeds Arago) ‘the tone of mind in which some of our men of science go to assist at Mesmeric experiments. *Doubt* is a proof of modesty, and is rarely prejudicial to the advance of knowledge. But we cannot say the same of *Incredulity*. Any one who pronounces the word ‘impossible!’ except where mathematical certainties are concerned, is deficient in prudence. Caution is, above all, requisite where the animal organization is concerned. Our senses, notwithstanding twenty-four centuries of study and research, are far from being an exhausted subject.’” —pp. 129, 130.

The whole of Mr. T.’s section on the consideration of mesmerism itself is particularly beautiful and satisfactory. He points out the difference between supernatural and contranatural; gives a remarkable instance of intuitive knowledge of distant places not only on shore but at sea; remarks how formerly no epithet of vituperation was strong enough against the virtuous, blameless Apollonius, the Tyanean clairvoyant, who at Ephesus beheld the assassination of Domitian at Rome, and declared each step of it to those around him as it proceeded, crying out, “Strike the tyrant—strike:” “not like one who guessed at what was passing from seeing its image in a mirror, but from literally seeing it, and, as it were, promoting, it.” He refers to the influence of a dying person upon Elizabeth Okey, and a similar example in a gentleman at Brussels which rang with it.

We have next a copious detail of some mesmeric experiments just made at Lausanne by a Signor Regazzoni, an Italian gentleman of good family, in which experiments the mesmeric effects were precisely similar to many which hundreds must have witnessed in the cases of the Okeys, and sufficient to put to confusion those medical men who affected, in obedience to Mr. Wakley, to regard the two sisters as impostors, and in which suggestion was entirely out of the question. Some of Signor Regazzoni’s go further than those with the Okeys. The signatures of gentlemen who witnessed these decisive experiments are given.

Mr. T. contends strongly for a peculiar substance or mesmeric medium by which mesmeric effects are produced: and gives it the title of Zoogen.

He gives his testimony to the fact of two delicate ladies and two gentlemen, he twice being one, lifting a very tall

man by the points of their fingers, according to a well-known experiment.* He states that Professor Agassiz told him,

"That at Neufchâtel they use a man, gifted with the power of using the Divining Rod, whenever they want to dig a well in the neighbourhood, which is remarkably devoid of water. The Professor assured me that, for this purpose, he and a whole band of expectant persons have gone out to watch the motions of the rod which was held by the Diviner. Anxious to test the phenomenon, Professor Agassiz has caused diggings to be made where the rod did *not* turn; but never found water there: while, in a spot perhaps near the other, where the rod *did* turn, water was invariably discovered. Besides, as the Professor remarked, why does the rod turn in particular hands only? In his own the rod never turned, while in that of his friend and coadjutor, Mr. De Sorr, whose name is associated with that of Agassiz in the experiments upon glaciers, the rod turned readily to point out the existence of a spring."—p. 183.

Although Mr. T. is well aware that tables are turned every day by unconscious muscular action, he gives many reasons for believing that they may be also turned by an occult power emanating from the nervous system of the operating party. There is nothing more unlikely in this than in motion induced by the electric power, which at one time was occult. It is refreshing to hear him, a clergyman, stigmatize the proceedings of the Rev. Messieurs Gillson and Godfrey, "bigotry and folly in the dark places," and "silly blasphemy." He considers that every instance of rapping is not an imposture, not disbelieving that there may be abnormal causes of sound: and he relates a striking account which is of a nature familiar to, and admitted by, all mesmerists, except the portion of the story relating to noises; and possibly these may be as true as the rest and capable of mesmeric explanation. He pronounces the Medium, *à priori*, to be "a most illogical animal—an ill-baptized being, that seems to have little connexion with the subject in hand," and begs us to "observe how entirely the talking tables of Messrs. Gillson and Godfrey respond to the uncharitable and bigoted impulses of their own brains." He is both powerful and facetious in exposing the fooleries of the *spirit*-rapping fraternity.

The whole book is delightful, but the latter portion still more delightful than the rest. The lover of truth, the highly educated and refined man, the gentleman, the careful and acute observer, the man of soundly reflecting brain, the wag, the despiser and castigatior of all narrowness in both scientific

* See *Zoist*, No. XXXVI.

views and moral feelings, are conspicuous in every page. Let every mesmerist buy the book: let everybody read it.

We will conclude with Mr. Townshend's conclusion:—

"Let 'the incapable and presumptuous' write muddy essays on metaphysical powers, which are nothing *ad rem*: Mesmerism shall start a spirit as well as Suggestion. Let Quarterly, or any other Reviews, conclude their empty peal with 'Dominant Ideas,'—we will give a cheer for Mesmerism instead.

"Be of good courage, ye true-hearted! The big awkward whale that has floundered into our seas is in its death-flurry, and all the foam and froth that it stirs up about it is but the lashing of its expiring tail.

"And so, Reader, I bid you heartily farewell."

Postscript to the above article.

We have received the following:—

"To the Editor of *The Zoist*.

"Sir,—I have read with great interest the remarks in the last *Zoist* by Anti-Glorioso, on the article in the *Quarterly Review*, 'on Electro-Biology, Mesmerism,' &c., &c., and beg to say that he is perfectly right in supposing that Dr. Carpenter is the author of it: this I can substantiate. It is positively too bad for any man to puff himself as Dr. C. does in that article, and lug in Mr. Braid and his hypnotism in the way he does.

"You are at liberty to publish this for the information of your readers if you think fit.

"I am, Sir, yours truly,

"H. HASTINGS, M.D.

"Cheltenham, Feb. 27, 1854."

Now we do not pronounce Dr. Carpenter to be the author of the review in the *Quarterly*, though he is the dear friend of the renowned Mr. Braid of Manchester. We trust he is not the author, because he is a bookseller's fag, and thus copiously supplies reviews, &c.; and particularly because he is a teacher of young men in University College, having got up a course of lectures on forensic medicine that he reads annually to innocent young lads. For him to set such an example as the writer of the article in question sets morally and intellectually would be grievous in the sight of all good men. No, no, we cannot endure the thought that Dr. Carpenter is the man.

Second Postscript.

We have raised our voice from the first against the folly and insanity of ascribing natural phenomena of any kind, and therefore against ascribing those alleged phenomena of the motion and sound of inanimate bodies through an occult living influence, if such table-moving and rapping, independent of muscular agency, be a fact, to supernatural means,—to the agency of spirits, good or evil. We have denounced these outrages upon common sense and upon piety in the strongest manner, and again and again. What would chemists say to a man or woman who ascribed the decomposition of a compound: what would electricians say to a man or woman who ascribed the electrical sparks and snaps: what would the astronomer say to a man or woman who ascribed the motion of a comet or any other heavenly body, the descent of an areolite or the appearance of the meteors which we behold in such numbers twice a year,—to the agency of spirits? They would call either a blockhead, for a blockhead he or she must be. We have also given examples, alas! too numerous, in our last Number, of insanity produced by these ignorant fancies: and now we have to record another in the person of a well-known authoress, who always had indulged in such superstitions and has of course adopted all the recent spirit fancies. She has gone stark mad and stark naked on the spirit-rapping. She was found the other day in the open street, as her mother bore her, except that she had a pocket handkerchief in one hand and a card in the other. She said the spirits had informed her that, if she walked out so prepared, she would be invisible. She is now in a madhouse.

Third Postscript.

We must indulge our readers with a letter written by a medical man, a member of the Irvingite, or, as now proudly called, Catholic Apostolic, sect, against the humble and simple benevolence of a mesmeric charity:—

“I desire to record my testimony* against a so-called Mesmeric Hospital, considering the same likely to be productive of much mischief in its locality.

“You may be aware that the Canaanites of old filled up the cup of their iniquity by having dealings with Satan and evil spirits, working under various forms, designated by the terms divination,

* Testimony! The poor creature cannot know the meaning of the word he uses.—*Zoist*.

soothsaying, enchantment, charming, witchcraft, sorcery, necromancy, &c. The persons using these curious arts and diabolical powers are called in Scripture charmers, witches, wizards, diviners, soothsayers, necromancers, consultants with familiar spirits, astrologers, &c. Satan is now coming in like a flood with all these his old works of power, either personally by his spirit or by his spirits, under a new nomenclature, viz., mesmerism, biology, clairvoyance, consulting with spirits of the departed, &c.

"The old works of Satan in *power* are now performed under these new names by the various persons who are in our day arranged under the general term '*Media*,' which term seems to comprehend mesmerists, biologists, &c., as well as consultants with the spirits of friends and distinguished persons departed.

"In this country, and in all Europe, all these workings of evil power are done under the title of '*science*,' '*falsely so called*;' but in America, where the ordinances of God are less respected, some of them, if not all, are done directly, openly, and confessedly by SPIRITS, without the guise of science to cover their works. In a pamphlet before me it is stated that in America there are thirty thousand persons recognized as the so-called '*MEDIA*,' or consultants of, and workers with, spirits, which at their bidding cause tables, chairs, &c., to move and dance about as they will. Europe abounds with these persons under various names; and, as the consultants with these '*Media*,' or evil workers, as well as the evil workers, render themselves an abomination to God, it is very clear that the nations of Christendom are thereby filling up the cup of *their* iniquity, and, like the Canaanites of old, are rapidly preparing themselves for the judgment of God by the sword.

"This brief statement will tend to shew you that I am very averse to the establishment of any hospital where these abominations are practised under the guise of science, and shall always raise my voice against the evil spiritual works that are therein done, by whatever name they are designated."

III. *Cures of Palsy, Deafness, Convulsions, apparent Consumption, Dropsy, Psoriasis, Inflammation of the Bowels, Measles.* By B. B. MORRISON, Esq.

"M. Henry, surgeon at Arnville (Meurthe) established an electrical correspondence with M. Lapostolle by wires running between their villas. M. Henry wrote Oct. 31, 1836, to the Minister of Commerce, and published works respecting his telegraph, but was answered that the plan could not be applied on a large scale, and would not answer the expectations of the author. The latter was discouraged at this reply, and discontinued his experiments."—*L'Union Médicale*, quoted in the *Lancet*, August 6, 1853. The *Lancet* exclaims, "So much for the opinions of certain boards of art and manufactures!"*

* We beg to remind Mr. Wakley of a passage in St. Luke's Gospel, chap. vi. 41, 42: "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Either how canst thou say to

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ZOIST.

47 Great Brunswick Street, Dublin,
February 9th, 1854.

SIR,—Should you consider the following cases of cures by mesmerism an acquisition to the pyramid of other stupendous ones now before the world, and fit for insertion in the invaluable *Zoist*, they are at your disposal. The parties named, in gratitude for their signal recovery, for the credit and reputation of our great science, and in the hope that other suffering fellow-creatures may be induced to submit to its healing influence, have kindly requested of me to send their names to you for publicity.

I. *Palsy.*

Mrs. Chappel, Royal Esplanade, had lost, on a sudden, the power of motion in the muscles of the whole body. She could neither move nor speak for eleven days. In addition to this, violent fever, with delirium, had supervened, together with most excruciating pains all through the frame, and great prostration of strength. After resorting to a variety of curative means, which left her exactly as they found her, she was induced to send for me and submit to mesmeric treatment. This lady, after four mesmerisations, was perfectly cured. She drank copiously of mesmerised water. Her father had died suddenly of a similar disease. The "eminent physicians" who were first in attendance pronounced her illness *mysterious*. When they were informed of her quick and permanent recovery, their eyes almost started from their sockets with amazement.

II. *Deafness.*

Sergeant Cartwright, Queen's Bays, Royal Barracks, had been deaf for seven years. His deafness had been produced by lying in a damp bed. He had consulted several eminent physicians with no benefit. I had mesmerised this man but three times, when he recovered his hearing perfectly. This is but one of 211 cases of deafness that I have cured by mesmerism alone during my practice, when all the resources of the old medical art had failed even to relieve.

III. *Convulsions.*

John Mark, Temple Street, aged *three weeks*, became sud-

thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."—*Zoist*.

denly convulsed from some unknown cause. He had been in this state 48 hours when I saw him. From the violence of the illness, his head and heels almost met, and the whole body was perfectly rigid. I made a few "passes" over him, when the rigidity gave way, and the body got into its natural position. He went into the mesmeric sleep at once. This was about two o'clock in the day. He slept till one o'clock that night, when he awoke for a second, and went to sleep again until twelve o'clock next day, and then awoke in perfect health, which he still enjoys.

IV. *Apparent Consumption.*

Mrs. Hursh, Temple Street, apparently, and said to be, in the last stage of consumption, having been ill nineteen consecutive weeks. She was attended by Dr. Foretooth. Her father and sister had died of consumption. She had gone through a severe and debilitating process of common medical treatment. On my arrival at her bed-side, the cough, pain of the side, sinking of the eyes, partial loss of voice, and great prostration of strength, indicated unmistakably that life was fast moving off. I mesmerised her once for an hour, and she felt herself a new being altogether; and I mesmerised her only a few times more, when all consumptive symptoms left her; and she felt every way well, except the weakness, which a nutritious diet soon removed. She is now quite well. I could send you a list of 40 cases of apparent and alleged consumption alone, nearly as far gone as the present, that I have cured by mesmerism.

Mr. James Morrissy, 23 Clarendon Street, has been cured of apparent consumption in its second stage by me. Dr. Peebles, of 26 Dorset Street, attended this man for ten weeks. He was unable to leave his bed. The disease was getting worse. He sent for me: was mesmerised five times; drank mesmerised water for three weeks; and is now quite well, and at work.

V. *Dropsy.*

John Smyth, Temple Street, aged two years and seven months, had been suffering from dropsy for fifteen months, and gone through medical treatment all this time in vain. When the doctors had done their best, or their worst, as the case might be, they gave him up as incurable. I was then summoned to attend. On examination, I found a flabby swelling of the parts affected, with a great increase in their temperature, a dryness and pallor of the skin, scanty secretion of urine, though he was drinking large quantities of liquids to extinguish thirst. There was a troublesome cough, and teasing

hiccup, which greatly distressed the little invalid, who required to be kept in an erect position for fear of being suffocated. I began to mesmerise him, and, until two hours had expired, no change appeared. Suddenly, the bowels began to act; there was a copious discharge of urine and sweat; and, after three quarters of an hour, the child felt better, called for something to eat, and slept well that night. Accordingly as his treatment progressed, all the bad symptoms began gradually to subside. I mesmerised this little fellow 114 times; gave him mesmerised water; put him on a prescribed regimen; and he is now quite well. He never went into the mesmeric sleep until his cure was entirely finished. This extraordinary cure in a child so young, and so far gone, has astonished all his friends. It is not long since I cured another boy aged twelve years of the same disease, after six physicians in consultation had pronounced him incurable: and the cure, indeed, astonished myself.

VI. *Skin Disease—Psoriasis.*

Miss M. Naylor, aged fifteen years, residing on Arbor Hill, had been afflicted for five years with this abominable scourge. Every mode of treatment which she had gone through had utterly failed in making the slightest impression on her fearful disease. From the effects of all the drugs she had taken, she was reduced to a mere skeleton, with all the incipient symptoms of consumption. This horrid disease had first made its appearance in the form of red itching patches: these became covered with small scurfy laminae, or scales, which were easily rubbed off. Deep fissures had formed in many parts, such as the face, head, neck, &c. There was a fetid discharge from both ears, and her eyes were nearly blind. This young lady was mesmerised 180 times; drank mesmerised water; and observed a prescribed regimen. She slept profoundly every time. She is now perfectly cured. The eruption has entirely disappeared; the sight is perfectly restored; the fetid discharge from the ears all gone; and the skin, before so disgusting, is now transparently clear and fair, and of snowy whiteness. This young lady became clairvoyant; has told the hour to the very second, and predicted the sudden death of her grandmother in England two days previously. Being perfectly restored, she has returned to her father, Major Naylor, Queen's Bays, Royal Barracks.

VII. *Fearful Inflammation of the Bowels.*

Mrs. Naylor, wife of Major Naylor, and mother of the

above named young lady, had been using corrosive drugs, both externally and internally, for the cure of obstinate skin disease, without deriving any benefit. Inflammation of the bowels, to a most alarming extent had supervened; and, strange to say, three most eminent physicians, Drs. Durham, of Nahor's Quay, No. 23, Foretooth and Molagh of the Queen's Bays, Royal Barracks, (the English of this last name, which is pure Irish, is malediction,) who had been in constant attendance two days and nights, could not arrest its progress; and, when, in spite of drugs, all the premonitory symptoms of death were present, they left, saying that she would be a corpse in ten minutes. Kind providence would have it that one of her nurses at once recommended mesmerism, and said that, if had recourse to even in *articulo mortis*, it would most indubitably bring back life. Accordingly I was sent for; and, on my arrival, a lifeless patient, to all appearance, lay before me. I began the usual enquiries and examination in such cases. I could hear no breathing; could feel no pulse, nor heat in her frame. The body had a cadaverous appearance; the jaws were firmly locked; and the countenance throughout fearfully disfigured from the effects of the awful convulsions which had preceded her loss of all consciousness. The abdomen was enormously tumefied, and there was an obstinate constipation which, from the outset of the disease, had defied all the drastic means had recourse to, by the above-named three "most eminent" physicians.

With these encouraging symptoms, and in the presence of twelve other witnesses, who came to be present at her death, I began to impart to her the all-powerful and *seldom-failing* influence of mesmerism. In a few minutes the bowels gave way, the eyes, which had been closed in apparent death, opened, the palsied tongue moved, and in three quarters of an hour all was right again; and she, who had been to all appearance dead, sat up and began to speak. Language is totally inadequate to convey an idea of the amazement of the bystanders. The recovery of this lady by mesmerism was soon noised abroad; her three eminent physicians were amongst the first who ran to see if it could be true. Nothing could equal their surprise. They said that her recovery was miraculous; and, after a short pause, told her, as she felt so well, not to dip any deeper into mesmerism, as it was found that its repetition was debilitating and dangerous: especially the sleep. "Impossible," replied Major Naylor; "for, if what you say be true, my daughter, who has slept upwards of 180 times, must be more than dead. But she is all life,

and cured of her *psoriasis*." This silenced the three eminent physicians, who directly made their best bow, and withdrew, evidently disconcerted.

This lady was quite well, and went out in ten days time. She remains quite healthy up to this time. She did not go into the mesmeric sleep at all, and drank mesmerised water copiously. The three eminent physicians who attended first had, during this lady's convalescence, sent, and gone themselves, to induce her to take some little opening medicine; but she could not be prevailed upon to do so; and, in reply, said she did not require it; that mesmerism was all-sufficient. Major Naylor remarked that they merely wanted to see if she was *drug proof*. Whenever mesmerism is spoken of in the presence of these *great* physicians, they ludicrously toss up their aristocratic noses in such a manner as to impress all present that the very word itself conveys some disagreeable influence to their olfactories.

VIII. *Measles*.

Three days ago, I had been called to see Misses Fanny and Emily Barr, Barrack Street, aged three and five years, who were very sick in the measles. There was great fever, anxiety, restlessness, irregular convulsive movements of the limbs, and bleeding from the nostrils. Miss Fanny seemed entirely unconscious, and unable to recognize any one. I mesmerised these children only three times: when they were perfectly cured, as well in fact as if they had never had measles. These were the only cases of measles that I ever had an opportunity of treating by mesmerism during my ten years' practice of it.

IX. *Epilepsy*.

Charles Cavanagh, Esq., magistrate, Born's House, County of Carlow, and son to Lady Harriet Cavanagh, had been afflicted with epilepsy from his birth in an unusually severe and uncommon manner. He had travelled the wide world to get cured, but all in vain. He had been under the medical treatments of Sir Philip Crampton and Sir Henry Marsh of this city for three years, without receiving any benefit. He was accompanied by his mother to my residence, and, after some time, I succeeded in influencing him. I then dismissed him, with the assurance that he should be free from any attack until that day month, provided he attended me daily. This seemed to surprise both him and his mother, as he never passed a night since his birth without being attacked. At the end of the month he had a very slight attack, and none at all for two months more. This was three months altogether without being ill but once. The enemy of all good

would have it that he suddenly changed me for another mesmeriser, who had but a few weeks' experience and the little information received from a few lectures on mesmeric science. I wrote to both parties on the danger of submitting to another's cross influence in such a case, and stated that *death* in all its horrors would be the final consequence. But all to no effect. The convulsions returned in a most terrific manner, and bid defiance to empirical mesmerism. The man's countenance fell; gloom had overspread it; he went home almost insane, and next morning was found in his bed-chamber burned to death!!!

I remain, with respect and esteem,
Your obedient servant,
B. B. MORRISON.

PS.—I could add to these instances of mesmeric success a vast number of others; but the above will suffice just now for all intents and purposes.

IV. *An account of the living and dead brain of the late Mr. Benjamin Robert Haydon, historical painter.* By JAMES STRATON, Esq., of Aberdeen, and some other gentlemen.

I. *Notes on the Cerebral Development, by James Straton, Esq.*

THE stucco cast sent me is obviously the first from a mould of the head taken after death: many of the hairs from the head are adhering to the cast. The mould seems to have been carefully taken. The top of the head had been bald, and the hair round the back and sides had been short, but not shaved. The mould had been made in three pieces, and the ridges of stucco on the cast where the pieces joined have been cut away. In doing so, the workman was quite justified by practice hitherto prevalent; but the practice is pernicious, and should be abandoned. When such a cast is taken for scientific purposes, no tool should touch it after leaving the mould: no scraping, rubbing, cutting, or smoothing, should be permitted. We must henceforth insist on having the most ample means of judging both of the excellencies and the defects of every specimen which we value.

The average dimensions of the stucco representing the brain and its coverings are full 7·4 inches long, 5·75 broad, and 3·85 high: the size is therefore 165 cubic inches. The stucco cast is generally larger than the head which it represents, in consequence (1) of the imperfect joining of the



pieces of the mould, and (2) of the expansion of the stucco in the act of consolidating. I have frequently seen casts 12, 15, and 20, inches larger than the heads they represented, although first copies from the original mould; and I have also seen 30 inches of difference between two casts of the same head.

These are some of the particulars which have hitherto been overlooked, and we shall meet with others as we pass on: their importance will be obvious.

Taking it for granted that the moulding and casting were done with proper care and skill, I will estimate the excess in size of the cast as not more than 5 inches beyond that of the head represented, and consequently hold that the living organ would have measured 160 inches.

From the fine texture of the hair, and the sharp, well defined, features of the face, I infer that there was a considerable dash of the nervous in the constitution, or temperament, and therefore that the bones of the skull, the integument, and muscles, were thinner than the average to the extent of one-tenth of an inch on each of the three dimensions, length, breadth, and height.

Let this appear fastidious precision, I will in a sentence or two shew its importance and necessity. Let A, B, and C, represent three males at maturity—that is, fifty years of age. Let each of the three heads be exactly the same size—say 150 cubic inches, being the average of the mature male head in this country. A is of highly nervous temperament, and the bone, skin, &c., covering the brain are the minimum thickness; B is highly lymphatic, and the coverings are the maximum thickness; C is an equally mixed temperament, having the coverings of the brain of average thickness. Now, after carefully measuring the thickness of the bones, muscles, and skin of a great number of cases after death, I am justified in stating as a near approximation to the truth, that, though all the three heads measure the same size externally, yet the sizes of the brains they enclose are very different. Let us bear in mind that it is the size of the *brain*, not of the head, which it is essential to obtain. The cases given stand thus:—

- A. Brain, 120 inches; bone, skin, &c., 30 inches; in all 150 inches.
- B. Brain, 80 inches; bone, skin, &c., 70 inches; in all 150 inches.
- C. Brain, 100 inches; bone, skin, &c., 50 inches; in all 150 inches.

From these we see that, whilst C is an average man in size of brain and mental power, B is only equal to the average boy of ten years old in these particulars, and A is far beyond

the average man at maturity, being quite up to the class of minds in which Haydon ranks. From these we see also that very much of the power which has hitherto been attributed to *quality* is really due to quantity, of brain; and, though doubtless something still remains attributable to quality, the influence is so little compared with quantity, that I have not yet been able to give *quality* a definite value, either plus or minus. So far as I have gone however all is certain, and greater precision is unquestionably possible if it be important. Nature has provided ample facilities, as I have elsewhere shewn,* for determining the thickness of the bone, muscle, and integument in the living head, and the dead cranium can be easily measured at all points; but plaster casts of both heads and crania leave us very much in the dark on these particulars, and hence their greatly inferior value for the purposes of science.

After making the addition which seems to be warranted by the specified conditions to raise the skin, bone, &c., to the average thickness, we obtain a volume of head equal to 175, and, deducting 5 for expansion of stucco, as previously stated, we have 170 as the size to which the living brain corresponded. We can now specify Haydon's place in the scale of cerebral development and power, and compare him with the mass of men at his age.

Haydon was about 60 years old at death. The human brain attains its greatest development at 50 years of age, as I have formerly shewn (*Zoist*, January, 1851). At that age, the average size of the male head in this country is 150 cubic inches; the smallest (excluding idiots) is 110; and the largest (excluding a few extremely rare instances) is 190 inches. Mr. Haydon's place is therefore just half way between the average and the largest of his age and sex. This size of brain and concomitant mental power may be called full, ample, large indeed, but certainly not *great*, either as a whole or in any of its parts. About five of every hundred of his age and sex are quite his equal in this country, and as many are superior to him in cerebral development and power.

Absolute and relative Size of the Head.

Males at maturity: smallest, 110; average, 150; Haydon, 170; largest, 190.

* This paper would exceed all reasonable bounds for the pages of *The Zoist* were I to enter into particulars which I cannot in justice to the subject in hand avoid adverting to. I must therefore refer the reader to more ample details contained in an abstract of my researches which I have furnished to the Appendix of Dr. Symes's forthcoming translation of Gall's great work on the *Anatomy and Physiology of the Brain*.—J. S.

Absolute and relative Development of the Cerebral Organs.

ORGANS.	1	2	3	4
	Haydon.	Average.	Superior.	Inferior.
1. Amativeness	155	160	155	180
2. Philoprogenitiveness	175	155	160	150
3. Concentrativeness	165	150	160	145
4. Adhesiveness	165	150	150	150
5. Combaticiveness	175	150	155	180
6. Destructiveness	180	150	155	190
7. Secretiveness	175	150	155	185
8. Acquisitiveness	175	155	165	180
9. Constructiveness	175	150	155	155
10. Self-esteem	170	180	160	155
11. Love of Approbation	165	145	150	135
12. Cautiousness	170	155	160	145
13. Benevolence	170	150	175	125
14. Veneration	170	150	175	135
15. Firmness	165	155	175	145
16. Conscientiousness	170	150	170	140
17. Hope	170	150	160	135
18. Wonder	170	150	160	135
19. Ideality	170	145	160	125
20. Wit	170	140	160	125
21. Imitation	175	145	160	135
22. Individuality	165	150	170	145
23. Form	165	150	170	145
24. Size	175	150	170	145
25. Weight	180	150	170	145
26. Colour	175	145	160	140
27. Locality	175	150	170	145
28. Number	165	150	170	140
29. Order	155	145	165	135
30. Eventuality	135	150	170	140
31. Time	165	150	165	135
32. Tune	165	140	160	130
33. Language	170	150	170	140
34. Comparison	160	150	175	135
35. Causality	170	150	175	130

The development of each part or organ, as well as of the whole brain, was ascertained by measurement exclusively. There is no guesswork or "estimating by the eye and hand" according to the usual practice. The method of measuring cannot be described in a few lines: I must therefore again refer to Gall's Appendix. The principle on which the deve-

lopment of each organ is stated in the columns is simple, definite, and easily understood.

The size of the head,—the *development* of the whole being 170, as we have just seen, that number (170) is used to indicate the *development* of each organ which is in medium or equal balance proportion to the whole brain. If therefore all the organs were developed to an equal extent, they would all be in medium, or equal, balance proportion, and each number in column 1st (Haydon's) would be 170. We never find this, however, in any individual instance. It always happens that some of the organs are more, and of course others are less, than the equal balance development. Indeed, it seldom happens, particularly in the male head, that all parts are so near the equal balance development as in the present case. This is one of its marked peculiarities. Ten of the thirty-five organs are exactly the equal balance development,—170; fourteen are below (being 165, 160, and 155); and eleven are above, the medium proportion, being 175 and 180.

It will be noticed that the absolute or positive development (not *relative* only) of each part is shewn by the numbers referred to; and, in studying the organs either individually, or in groups, the absolute development, and the power which that development is capable of manifesting, is a point of first importance. If the development of any of the organs was stated as being 110, the individual would, in that faculty, have no more than the power of the average boy of six years, and would, consequently, be all but an idiot throughout the entire range of the function of that organ, whatever the training, health, and other circumstances might be. In columns 2, 3, and 4, average examples of males at the same age are shewn for comparison, as will be explained farther on. In column 4, it may be observed that many of the propensities are up to the maximum of the mature male (180 and 190): whilst the superior sentiments and reflective faculties barely equal those of the average lad of 12 to 15 years—namely 125 to 135.

In Haydon's development no organ is less than 155. He was therefore quite equal to the average man (shewn in column 2) in development and power, even in the most defective organ: whilst the most prominent (180) are far on to the maximum of his age and sex.

The next point to be noticed is the *RELATIVE* development of the various organs. This, as is well understood, determines the *tendency* of the individual. Here again two particulars have to be kept in view, (1) the direction of the tendency, and (2) its force or power. The direction of the tendency is determined by the functions of the respective organs, as to

lust, to avarice, to pride, to vanity, by the excess of certain organs, or the reverse by their deficiency. The power or force of the tendency is shewn by the difference between the absolute degrees of development of any two or more organs, as between 160 and 165, 170, or 180. When the difference is under 10, the tendency is only seen in testing circumstances, and by those who have ample opportunities of studying the character minutely. But when the difference amounts to 15, 20, or more, the power of the tendency becomes obvious to all, and forms the leading features of the individual character.

With these particulars in view, we are prepared to appreciate to some extent the capabilities and tendencies of the case in hand; but, to aid us still farther in this, I have placed beside Mr. Haydon's development that of the average man,—including all classes of society,—of the same age in column 2nd; the average of the superior or educated class of society, including doctors, lawyers, professors and teachers, artists, leading merchants and manufacturers, &c., in column 3rd; and the 4th column shews the average of the most degraded of our nature, whom I have found in jails, asylums, hospitals, and phrenological museums.

I have followed the naming, numbering, and mapping of the cerebral organs shewn on the Edinburgh Bust and Mr. Combe's *System of Phrenology*, as being that most generally known in this country; and I take it for granted, for the moment, that the localities and functions of the organs there specified are tolerably near the truth. But I must also avow my conviction that much of what has been done by others than Gall must be done anew, and with far more definite and positive evidence in view than has yet been collected. When the followers of that great man learn from his example to appreciate precision, and to enjoy the certainty, the calm satisfaction, which scrupulous accuracy in collecting, recording, and investigating evidence can alone give in this, as in every other department of science, they will first be amazed at the flimsy foundation of some parts of their faith, and then admire the unceasing toil with which Gall collected and sifted evidence, and the caution with which he drew conclusions from what would to many seem superfluous evidence. As I am impressed with these convictions, my remarks will be brief compared with what many "professing phrenologists" might be disposed to indulge in.

We have in the case before us a man far beyond the average of men in cerebral development, and mental power, but

also decidedly below a small per centage of the community in these particulars. Excluding the bulk of the people, the labouring classes, from the calculation, Haydon ranks quite up to and even slightly beyond the mass of the directing minds in the active business of life in this and other countries. In many departments of science and literature, art or eloquence, he was capable of rising far, very far beyond mediocrity : but in none was he capable of attaining the highest excellence.

The amount of power which he could manifest for a time on a subject engrossing his attention would be decidedly increased by the near approach to equal development of many of the cerebral organs. This is a peculiarity which I have long noticed in such cases. It is much more common in youth than in maturity, and much more common in females than in males. Who has not been at times astonished at the Herculean efforts, both of mind and body, put forth by females, when under the influence of some engrossing emotion,—a sense of duty, a labour of love, or a mission of mercy. All are like effects, and spring from like causes. From the general equality of the parts, the whole organism seems to act simultaneously with a unison, a harmony, not compatible with a greater inequality of the parts. It is on such individuals that circumstances exercise the greatest influence in forming the character. It is such individuals as these that manifest the greatest change of disposition when placed in changed circumstances. Haydon most closely resembled this class, and was in marked contrast to the classes represented by the 3rd and 4th columns of averages. In those of the third, the sentiments and intellect decidedly preponderate, and the individuals are seldom reduced to vice and depravity by the most adverse influences. In the 4th, the propensities greatly preponderate, and the victims are rarely rescued by the most favourable combination of circumstances.

In Haydon's development the first organ in the column arrests our notice. The cerebellum, the organ of Amativeness is usually from 5 to 15 above the medium of the male brain, and, in grovelling natures, it is often greatly in excess, as shewn in the 4th column. Haydon is not only below the medium of his development (170) in this part, but even a shade below the average man, (col. 2nd), being 155 to an average of 160. Licentiousness would not, therefore, be a besetting sin with him ; and, if Haydon at any time joined in the fashionable nocturnal vices, we may fairly attribute the error more to the influence of associates, than to his own depravity. The other social organs are all unusually powerful for

a male brain. He must have been a home-loving man, a faithful husband, a doting father, and constant friend to those whose friendship was congenial to him.

All the lateral parts, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Secretiveness, Acquisitiveness, and Constructiveness, are slightly in preponderance. This is not usual at mature age, as may be seen by comparing him with the next two columns. The impulsive energy of this group must have been marked peculiarities of his character at every period of his life, but more so in youth than after his fiftieth year. Self-esteem and Firmness are rather less, and Love of Approbation decidedly greater than usual in the mature male brain of this size; he would hence be less proud, but more vain; less dogmatic, but more sensitive regarding the opinions of contemporaries, and the judgment of posterity, than our mature males generally are. The relative development of this group to the other parts of the brain is more that of the French, than either the English or Scotch, characteristic, and more that of the female than of the male in this country; equally active and more energetic, often wayward, and always impulsive, he could often appear to others as changeable and inconsistent. Conscious that he possessed high powers, yet suspicious that others might excel him, he could not avoid envy and jealousy. He could join in complimenting parties present, and in railing at them when absent. He could often promise and forget to perform, and frequently begin with enthusiastic ardour what he could not complete with patient perseverance.

The anterior parts of the coronal region, including the organs named Benevolence, Veneration, Wonder, Ideality, and one or two unknown organs, are beautifully expanded. It is not uncommon to see the two first named, the central organs, Benevolence and Veneration, beyond the medium proportion in all sizes of mature heads, but we very seldom see the lateral part of the group up to the equal balance development as in this instance.

Unfortunately our knowledge of the localities and functions of this important group of organs is still in the most unsatisfactory state. We find the part mapped out and named on the model busts, one way in Edinburgh, and another in London; one way in Paris, and another in New York. The organs named, and the functions assigned to them, must therefore be regarded as merely conjectural till additional evidence establish the truth. This much is certain, however, that the part in question is intimately connected with the love of the new, the improved, the excellent, the

beautiful, the perfect, the grand, the sublime, and the poetic in mind and matter. Equally certain is it that the part in question is defective in the young, compared with the adolescent and mature brain; defective in the low and grovelling, compared with the aspiring and refined; defective in the stationary and sinking savage, compared with the progressing and civilized in every quarter of the globe.

An ample development of the group referred to is undoubtedly indispensable to artistic, as to every other refined excellence, and Haydon was thus endowed to a very unusual extent. We can therefore fully believe that his ideals were vivid, exalted, grand, and varied; and that his anxiety to grasp, to imitate, and to embody his ideals in material expression, must have been intense for a time, till new objects, new scenes, new creations obtruded on his active imagination.

The anterior part of the brain, including the perceptive and reflective organs, covered by the lower half of the frontal bone is, viewed as a whole, scarcely up to the medium for the size of the brain; and if, instead of measuring the organs from the centre to the periphery,—from the medulla to the convoluted surface, as I do, we were to estimate this lobe from Constructiveness, or any point before the ear, as some maintain it should be done, then Haydon, instead of being nearly up to the superior average (col. 3) would barely reach the general average,—barely reach mediocrity as shewn in column 2nd.

This moderate development of the intellectual lobe is to me, who had some vague notions of his being a great man, an unexpected peculiarity. I have generally found that male brains of so large a size, well balanced otherwise, and actively engaged through life, have this part up to 175, 180, 190, and even higher at mature development. Of the artists whom I have examined, and who have attained a respectable place in their profession, there happens to be none below 160 in this part at thirty years of age. Three amateurs of my acquaintance who have reached a fair degree of excellence, two as painters and one in sculpture, by practice in the few leisure hours which extensive business engagements leave them, have the anterior lobe up to 190, 200, and 210 respectively. The mask of Canova, taken after death at an advanced age, when the whole brain had probably as usual diminished considerably from the mature dimensions, shews all parts of this lobe essential to the artist fully 190. For years past I have been in the habit of dissuading youths from adopting art as a profession except I was quite sure that the intellectual organs would exceed 160 ere they reached their thirtieth year; hold-

ing as I did that a lower degree of intellectual capability could not ensure them even a moderate living in the practice of their profession. It is quite possible, however, that I err to some extent in underrating the power of an intellectual development of 160. Fortunately the error, if it be so, is on the safe side. Certain I am, that, if Haydon, who scarcely averaged 170 in this part, achieved great things in art, there is a fair sprinkling of our living artists who, if their training has been equal or superior to Haydon's, are capable of achieving decidedly more than he did,—at least so far as artistic greatness is achieved by *intellectual* power.

Individuality, Form, Order, Eventuality, Comparison, and an unknown organ between Comparison and Benevolence, called Sympathy by Mr. Prideaux, and "Human Nature" by the Americans, are among the least of Haydon's intellectual organs,—ranging from 155 to 160. This is a development and power so little beyond mediocrity that their cultivation, up to a point of high excellence, must have been a work of so great labour that we may well doubt whether it was ever accomplished, and may take leave to ask whether the defects of development in these particulars are not obvious to well trained eyes in the most carefully executed of Haydon's works.

What these defects may altogether include I am not enough of an artist to say: but it appears to me that inappropriate forms, ungraceful and untrue drawing, particularly of objects in motion or action, vague and indefinite outlines, faulty composition, arrangement and classification, and trusting for effect to peculiar management of light and shade and tint and colour, instead of elaborating truth, grace, and beauty, by masterly manipulation, would be obvious parts of his defects. He would imagine more than he could delineate, and perceive excellence which he could not imitate; just as the imbecile and the infant, who cannot themselves speak, nevertheless understand quite well what others say. In many essential particulars his intellectual faculties were unable to embody by his hand the objects and forms in the action, spirit, grace, and beauty, which his mind could create. Did Haydon not mistake in the choice of his profession? At 20 years of age his cerebral development was 5 to 10 less in the lateral and posterior, and 20 less in the coronal and anterior parts (see my appendix to Dr. Symes's Gall) than at his death. At 20 years of age much greater chances of success, with equal labour and study, might have been safely predicated of him as a writer or speaker, an orator or actor, a preacher or a poet, than as a painter or sculptor. He would have had as much energy in

declamation as Father Gavazzi, with much more elegance and grace in his rhetoric and much more sound logic in his reasoning.

The most important particulars that can be added are the history, the education, the intellectual, and moral training, of Mr. Haydon, and the judgment of those fully competent to judge of his productions. Knowing as we now do what his brain was at maturity, and proximately what it had been at all previous periods of his life (*Zoist*, January, 1851, and more fully in the *Appendix to Gull*), we can recognize similar developments when we meet with them at any period of youth, and we desire to know what that development is and is not capable of achieving in art and in every other department, so that we may neither over nor underrate its powers. Haydon's must be an instructive example so far as it goes. What then were the excellencies, and what the defects of his works? In what did he succeed, in what did he fail?

I had written thus far in ignorance of Mr. Haydon's history, life, and labours, excepting the vague impressions, rather calculated to mislead than otherwise, which passing reports or newspaper notices had left on my mind. I had never met him, nor obtained a knowledge of his development, (a mask of the face is in most of the museums, but it is of little use,) to give interest in his doings. I intended to add nothing farther: but some acquaintances, who knew more of Mr. Haydon than I did, read my notes, and a friend pointed me to an excellent paper on the subject in the *Edinburgh Review* for October 1853. The writer seems to have studied the character attentively, and to appreciate his labours justly. We agree on many points, but the evidence of Haydon's insanity is, I fear, too strong to be resisted. Of course, to whatever extent, and for whatever length of time, that was the case, he is unsuitable for our present purpose. During a long period of his life, however, his exertions to rise in his profession and to raise it were every way admirable; but latterly his moral character in some particulars, his miserable life and deplorable death, are torturing to contemplate. We can only wonder that the crisis was delayed so long.

Mr. Haydon began to draw and resolved to be a painter at a very early age. His education and training with that view were unquestionably good. If not the best that might have been, yet, assuredly, much better than many great artists had access to. Let us glance at the results as reported by the writer in the *Review* just named.

"As it has been well observed, 'failures detract little from the reputation of those who have done really great things;' but it was

the misfortune of Haydon that he never did anything great enough to make us forget his failures. Often in describing what he means to do, he places a far finer picture before the mind's eye than his hands could realize. The sublime shapes which throng his fancy in the hour of meditation when he sits down to his easel refuse to wait upon his summons. It is not that he could not give to these spirits a form; he could not give to forms a spirit to lift them to the height of his own conceptions." (p. 526.) "For in spite of the *Elgin Marbles*—in spite of his admirable theories of excellence—in spite of labour never spared, and perseverance never daunted—his picture of *Deutatus*, with many fine points, and energetic drawing, is violent, mannered, even in some parts caricatured." (p. 534.) "The *Judgment of Solomon* is certainly the best in composition and in colour; with less confusion in the arrangement, and less of exaggeration and effort in the individual forms than is usual with him. The vindictive sneer on the face of the wicked mother is too vulgar, too like that of a common female cheat; the draperies are heavy and ungraceful, and in texture like wet wool; but altogether it is a fine picture." (p. 536.) "The head of *Lazarus*—staring ghastly with awakening life—is finely conceived; the head and figure of *Christ* a failure—and worse—positively bad and mean. Wherever refined or purely intellectual feeling was required, Haydon has seldom succeeded. As in the expression of power he is almost always exaggerated, so in the expression of refinement he is almost always weak or rapid." (p. 548.) "In 1829 he painted a picture of *Punch*—a satire on human life—full of power and humorous expression in the heads, and with bits of charming colour and fine painting." (p. 554.) "The human face divine was always a trouble to Haydon when he could not do what he liked with it. It was remarked that in both his pictures of *Napoleon* and *Wellington* he had turned away the face." (p. 563.)

Perhaps the time is not come when Haydon's works can be fully judged of with stern impartiality: but the above remarks, touching matters of fact rather than of opinion or fancy, are not likely to be materially modified by lapse of time or change of taste. It does not appear then that the case of Haydon will justify any modification of the views I have stated,—that an intellectual development under 160, or even 170, is incompetent to either great or uniformly good productions in the highest walks of art; though it is unquestionably true that capabilities far below his are ample for many of the departments of art extensively demanded in every civilized country. For miniature, cabinet, and casket work, for engraving, decoration, and ornament, in which activity, not energy, minute manipulation, dexterity, and patient industry are required, cerebral developments ranging from 135,—the average female, to 150,—the average male, at maturity, with a fine constitution, and the anterior lobe slightly preponderating, are the best adapted. The impul-

sive energy of the large brain and preponderating lateral region render such as Haydon quite unsuited for these departments. A Haydon must either be great or nothing. If he failed, none but those more highly gifted by nature can entertain a rational hope of success. A "happy hit" or two in inspired moments may save from oblivion, cherish hope, inspire confidence, fire ambition, and—consign to misery for life. Such is the lesson of Haydon's history, as of many others before him; but few are so complete and so instructive as his.

II. The following remarks have been sent us by a Phrenological Artist, who knew Mr. Haydon well.

The first time I saw Mr. Haydon was when he was contemplating the beauty and grandeur of the Elgin marbles in the British Museum. This first sight I had of him did not impress me in his favour, as he had put his body into a most pompous attitude in order to shew the public how a great genius would arrange his body and limbs for viewing works of high art. Previously to my first sight of Mr. Haydon, I had been informed that he was an artist of great genius, and that there was no historical painter who could be compared with him; but, on seeing him in such an affected attitude, I concluded that a very unjust estimate had been formed of him, and that he was a most vain and pompous person acting under the impulse of the organs of Love of Approbation and Self-esteem. These organs were his great moving power; and he could with ease make bold attacks upon other painters, caring not about the truth of his assertions, but only about the force of the blows he could inflict, having Destructiveness, Wit, and Language large. Adulation he was continually seeking, and would receive flattery from mere pretenders with as much satisfaction as he would from his superiors. This was an unfortunate weakness in him, and laid him open to much condemnation, though he could not act otherwise than as he was organized. Since his organs of Comparison, Eventuality, and Individuality were small, good sound sense could not be expected from him: and particularly, as he came from a vain stock (his father having an over and above share of vanity), and had been trained in vanity, we had no right to expect correct reason from him. His action, habits, speech, and his criticisms on art, were of a turbulent character. If we look to his professional qualities—his choice of subjects, we shall see a pre-

ference for violent action; tranquil and peaceable subjects were not exciting enough for his active organs of Destructiveness and Secretiveness.

In his early career, when he produced his picture of Dentatus, he was pronounced to be a great genius; but I could not help then concluding from his eccentricities that there was more of insanity than sanity in him. The subject was one of violence, and he gave Dentatus a most ferocious and slaughtering attitude, of commonplace character. His picture of Macbeth shewed considerable talent, and from it the hopes of the lovers of art were raised to a high pitch: but they were not realized. It had a murderous subject, and was the best he executed. Solomon's Judgment was the third picture he painted—another instance of his preference for violence. Sword and dagger subjects must have had charms for his contemplation. This picture is almost as good as the Macbeth; but the story is not so well told, and there are several discrepancies in it: the wise man's legs are much too short—the mother's expression is too cold—the false woman does not express herself correctly—Solomon is devoid of the expression that the subject demands, he is too like a modern youth: but the executioner is more true, and is expressive of what he has to perform. This picture and Macbeth are by far the best pictures that Haydon painted. The next picture was Christ's entry into Jerusalem, and was much more defective than the previous two: but there were many parts of the figures well painted, though the subject was feebly treated. Such a peaceable subject must have ill suited his turbulent mind, and consequently could not be treated successfully. His other pictures—the Raising of Lazarus, &c., &c., are not worth mentioning, so inferior are they to the previous three: and the reason of this inferiority was the increase of his insanity. The unharmonious arrangement of his organization was the cause of the inconsistencies that pervaded his works; and as he was so deficient in the organs of Individuality, Eventuality, and Comparison, it was out of his power to portray natural expression and action: and I have no doubt that he was not aware of this inability, but considered his artistical productions as perfection, from the small size of the requisite cerebral organs.

He was equally inconsistent in his actions as he was in his artistical labours. He cared not from whom he borrowed money, nor about returning it. He obtained it by very unworthy means, stating unwarrantable falsehoods in order to induce the unwary to part with their money for a month or two to save him from difficulties: but, after it was in his

possession, he never troubled himself about the poor artists who had lent him their all, and they had the greatest difficulty in getting their money back again.

I was always surprised on finding that others could not see his insanity, so painfully apparent as it was; and the more so when his works, which were as inconsistent as his mind, could be so easily compared with his habits, manners, and actions. But amidst his insane ways he possessed much cunning, and to the religious and moral he could appeal with a fervour that was sure to cajole them out of their sense and reason.

III. *Some extracts from an article in the Quarterly Review for last September on his biography compiled by Mr. Tom Taylor from his autobiography and journals.*

“The last page of (Mr. Tom Taylor’s Life of Benjamin Haydon, historical painter) should have been the first. There we read that Benjamin Robert Haydon died on the 22nd of June, 1846, by ‘self-inflicted death,’ and that—

“‘The coroner’s jury found that the suicide was in an *unsound state of mind* when he committed the act.’—iii. 322.

“This is, we think, the key to his whole life—*le mot de l’énigme*—the explanation of a series of delusions, follies, eccentricities, and inconsistency, such as we believe were never before deliberately recorded—of wild talents mistaken and misapplied—of extravagant pretensions and feeble powers—of enthusiastic professions of piety and honour, shamelessly contradicted by a laxity of practice which can hardly be less severely characterized than as dishonesty and swindling. We can have no doubt that the mind was ‘unsound’—or, to adopt the vulgar but expressive metaphor, *cracked*—from the beginning. The main symptom was the early mistake of fancying that he was destined to be a great painter; while there was, on the contrary, hardly any vocation in which his cleverness, ardour, and perseverance would not probably have had better success. This misconception of his vocation, and the wayward eccentricities of style by which he endeavoured to conceal and supply the want of natural powers, brought on failure, disappointment, and distress. Then came mortified vanity, degrading want, and desperate old age—

“‘*Tristisque senectus,
Et metus et malesuada fames et turpis egestas.*’

“Such a life has obviously no just claims to the distinction of a special biography, and one’s first impression is, *the less said about it the better*. He himself seems to have had misgivings that no one would be found to write it, and his characteristic vanity provided against such neglect by writing it himself. He left behind him his

'*Autobiography*'—a narrative of his life to 1820—which occupies the first of these volumes. 'This,' he desires in his will, 'may not be curtailed by an editor.' Whether this has been exactly obeyed the editor does not say; he hints, indeed, that it has been '*compressed*;' but more than enough remains; 'as to the rest of his life,' says the will, 'his journals will suffice.' These journals are twenty-six large folio volumes."

"Our wonder is that any person having the least personal regard for Haydon should have consented to the appearance of a work which does him no credit as an artist, and is positively disgraceful to him as a man. It will be pleaded that Haydon himself ordered the publication in his will. No doubt he did, but what was that but another symptom of his mental infirmity? The will was written but a few moments before the final act of insanity. Admitting, however, that he had throughout his life the same design, the same question will arise, Would it have been justifiable to have lent him a pistol or procured him poison to execute the suicide which he committed, merely because he were mad enough to desire it, and is it more justifiable to have helped his posthumous insanity to inflict suicide on his character?"

"It is both morally and physically curious to have from the patient himself so remarkable an example of the co-existence in the same mind of, as Dryden phrases it, 'wit and madness,' of sagacity and delusion, of a sound judgment on many subjects with a permanent and incorrigible aberration on one."

"We find—apart from his delusions about himself and his own style of art—no inconsiderable degree of acuteness and justice in his appreciation of artistical subjects, and particularly a great deal of critical and biographical observation and information on the works and private characters of his contemporaries, too often, no doubt, tinged with something of personal spleen and jealousy, but, on the whole, freer from such blots than we could have expected from the peculiar temper of the man, or from the general effect of professional rivalry. His natural disposition was to be kind and candid."

"Haydon, though incapable of producing even a tolerable portrait with his *pencil*, turns out to have had a great deal both of talent and taste in sketching with his *pen*. By dint of what may be called enthusiasm for art—but which would be more generally and justly characterized as impudence and importunity—he forced himself into communication with a number of the most eminent men of his day, not only in art, but in literature and politics; and by registering, as he did assiduously in his journals, what he saw and heard amongst them with an easy and off-hand cleverness, evident diligence, and general good faith, he has left us a collection of anecdotes very entertaining, and not without a certain importance as to the characters of several of the most remarkable personages of his time and ours."

"Haydon was born at Plymouth on the 25th of January, 1786," the son of a bookseller, and "was bound apprentice to his father's trade, for which it soon appeared that he had neither taste nor

temper." "He was of a temperament that during his whole career created opposition where he would not otherwise have found it. By a series of accidents he was inoculated with a love of drawing. He probably had some hereditary turn—we cannot say taste—that way; for his grandfather was, if Northcote may be credited, an execrable amateur dauber. It happened too that one of his schoolmasters and two of his father's apprentices and an Italian bookbinder in his employ had the same propensity:—

"The apprentices," he adds, "thought they were geniuses because they were idle. One, I remember, did nothing but draw and paint."

"Haydon's own turn for drawing seems to have been much like that of the apprentices—an excuse for being idle:—

"My father's business realized a handsome income: I had nothing to do but to pursue his course, and independence was certain, but my repugnance to my work grew daily. I rose early, and wandered by the sea; sat up late, and *pondered on my ambition*. I hated my books, ledgers, &c. I hated standing behind the counter, and *insulted the customers*. I hated the town and the people in it."

"One day, after insulting a customer, he flew out of the shop and never entered it again.

"Now what was to be done? Into the shop I would not go, and my father saw the absurdity of wishing it. He was a good, dear, fond father. We discussed my future prospects, and he asked me if it was not a pity to let such a fine property go to ruin? "I could not help it." "Why?" "Because my whole frame convulsed when I thought of being a great painter." "Who has put this stuff into your head?" "Nobody; I have always had it." "You will live to repent it." "Never; I would rather *die in the trial*." Friends were called in; aunts consulted; uncles spoken to; my language was the same; my *detestation of business unaltered*; my resolution *no tortures of the rack* would have altered."

About this time his eyes became inflamed, he was blind for six weeks, and the inflammation became chronic, so that he never perfectly recovered his sight. Yet this only exasperated his ambition and resolution to become a great painter. People said, "What folly! How can you think of being a painter? Why you can't see." "I can see enough," was his reply, "and see or not see a painter I'll be; and if I am a great one without seeing, I shall be the first." *This he calls the stirring of the Divinity within him.*

"It is curious," he writes in his journal, "'that my dim sight never occurred to me as an obstacle. Not a bit of it. I found that I could not *shoot* as I used to do: but it never struck me that I should not be able to *paint*.'"

The reviewer never saw one of his pictures without a strong impression that he had an eye even for form, but above all for colour, different from that of the rest of man-

kind. This seemed to depend on hereditary organization, for he tells us that, when on his arrival in London he waited on Northcote, the old gentleman,

“ ‘Looked maliciously at me and said, ‘I remember yeer vather, and yeer *grandvather* tu; he used tu paint.’ ” “So I have heard, sir.” “Ees; he painted *an elephant once for a tiger*, and he asked my vather what colour the indside of ‘s ears was, and my vather told un, reddish, and your grandvather went home, and painted un a vine vermillion.’ ”

Before he left the country he bought two casts of the Discobolos and Apollo:—

“ ‘I looked at them so long that I made my eyes ill again. I doated over them, I dreamt of them, and when well, *wandered about the town in listless agony* in search of books of art.’ ”

He found Reynolds’s lectures and a volume of anatomical drawings:—

“ ‘The spark which had for years lain struggling to blaze now burst out for ever. I came down to breakfast with Reynolds under my arm, and opened my fixed intentions in a style of such energy that I demolished all arguments. My mother, regarding my looks, which probably were *more like those of a maniac than of a rational being*, burst into tears. My father was in a passion, and the whole house was in an uproar. Every body that called during the day was had up to bait me, but I attacked them *so fiercely* that they were glad to leave me to my own reflections. Affection for home was smothered, not extinguished, in me, I thought only of London—Sir Joshua—drawing—dissection—and *high art*.’ ”

“ ‘One of his ideas of high art was, that a painter must be a practical anatomist; but of what use could anatomy be to one who never attained any certainty of copying even the external form of the living model? Of what avail was it to him to *‘get by heart all the muscles of the body? How many heads to the deltoid? [one of the humeral muscles.] Where does it rise? Where is it inserted?’* ”

“ ‘If he could have accurately copied that action from his model, he had all of the *deltoid* that was required for a representation of visible nature, which is the object of the painter. No one will deny that a knowledge of anatomy may enable an artist to *understand* better the *appearances* of his models, but we cannot see how it will advance the power of *imitating* them. Old Northcote and others, whom he talked to, told him plainly ‘it was of no use;’ that Sir Joshua, like most, if not all great painters, knew nothing about it.” But, being summoned home to his father’s death, “ ‘he got bones and muscles from the surgeon of the hospital and was hard at work that very night.’ Well might his uncle, after seeing him stretched on the floor of his lodgings in London studying anatomical plates, report to his afflicted father, ‘Oh, he is mad—he is certainly mad.’ ”

“ ‘We have dwelt the longer on these early proofs of an obstinate

irregularity of mind, first, because it grew with his growth, and is to be traced, we think, in every subsequent event and production of his artistic life, but still more, because they show that all the verbiage about *grand style and high art* with which he duped himself, and not a few followers, were really the self-excuses of a man who had neither eyes to see, nor judgment to appreciate, any more than he had a hand to copy the simple and unexaggerated aspects of *nature*."

After his professional career had begun,

"The insatiable pretensions, importunity, and ingratitude with which Haydon confesses that he harassed all his patrons, we might say his *patients*, must tend to disgust even the most benevolent from the indulgence of either taste or charity in that direction. There is, we think, no instance in which those whom Haydon applied to in his distress, high or low—and his audacity neither spared the highest nor his meanness the lowest—who did not help him kindly, liberally—many of them nobly; and there is not one towards whom these pages do not attest his flagrant ingratitude and injustice."

He thanked God that he never had a patron, as Jackson had in Lord Mulgrave,

"And I would have shewn the door to any man who had offered me *such patronage*." But within ten pages we find him in rapturous ecstasy at obtaining through the recommendation of that very Jackson, the patronage of that very Lord Mulgrave. 'This roused my spirits. I had got my first commission for a grand historical picture to set me going, as Lord Mulgrave had promised.' 'I was really become a public character.' And the whole of his after life was employed in shifts—sometimes very mean—to allure patrons, whom he as constantly disgusted by his incapacity, his arrogance, his worryings, and, in some instances, his extortion."

"The fate of his pictures painted before 1826, he himself was doomed to record in that year, when old Reinagle the artist asked him, 'Where is your Solomon, Mr. Haydon?' 'Hung up in a grocer's shop.' 'Where your Jerusalem?' 'In a ware room in Holborn.' 'Where your Lazarus?' 'In an upholsterer's shop in Mount Street.' 'And your Macbeth?' 'In Chancery.' 'Your Pharoah?' 'In an attic pledged!' 'My God! and your Crucifixion?' 'In a hayloft.' 'And Silenus?' 'Sold for half price.' And ten years later, 'an accomplished Frenchman came to my room to see my works, "I have none." "Where are they?" "My Solomon is rotting in a carpenter's shop—my Lazarus in a kitchen!" These bitter lessons had no effect on Haydon: and he persisted in pursuing the same ungrateful class of subjects in the same unpalatable style of execution, and went on believing, or at least asserting, to his dying hour, that this universal neglect arose from the hostility of individuals, and the bad taste of the public, and not from any demerit in the repudiated pictures."

He all at once resolved to turn portrait painter, notwithstanding his contempt for such art and a promise to Fuseli that he would never practise it, and had painted and exhibited and sold a successful historical piece, and had a commission from Lord Mulgrave for another—the Dentatus. He went down to Plymouth, painted his friends at fifteen guineas a head, and *execrable* as he confesses his portraits were,—

“ ‘Rapidly accumulated money, not probably because my efforts were thought successful, even by sitters, but more because *my friends* wished to give me a lift.’ ”

“All that followed was delusion and deception, and, because he found that he could not paint reality at Plymouth, he hastened back to paint fiction, which he called *history*, in London.”

His Dentatus took him two years altogether, and fifteen months of uninterrupted labour. In October, 1808, when he was more than half way in the time occupied, we find the following entries in his journal :—

“ ‘1808, Oct., Tuesday. Determined to *obliterate my principal figure*, and *did so* : what time one loses from inexperience ! I now am happy that it’s over.

“ ‘Wednesday. Had Sam, *one of the Academy porters*—he sat, and I sketched in the whole of my figure much better.

“ ‘Friday. Put in the head of my hero.

“ ‘Saturday. *Dashed out my head* without a moment’s hesitation.

“ ‘Monday. Painted the chest of my dying figure.

“ ‘Wednesday. The chest of my dying figure looked so *miserable* that I *rubbed it out*.

“ ‘November 17th. *My hero’s head is finished* : but I see that it is not what I had determined on, and so *out it comes* to-morrow.

“ ‘Monday 21st. Expected a model that never came. Got a West Indian I picked up in the street : a fine head. *Took out my hero*.’

“ ‘After the last rubbing out of his hero’s head, he adds,

“ ‘*I have made up my mind that it shall be such as the GREATEST PAINTER THAT EVER WAS would have made it.*’ ”

Yet it is considered by the reviewer to be “an absurd chaos of vulgarity and distortion ;” and, when, two years after its exhibition at the Royal Academy, he went to Lord Mulgrave to look after it, he heard that it had been “nailed up in its packing case and left in a stable.”

“Before he began Solomon (considered by many to be his best picture), he had this dialogue with his friend, Mr. Prince Hoare,—

“ ‘What are you going to paint ?’ ‘Solomon’s Judgment.’ ‘*Rubens and Raffaele* have both tried it.’ ‘So much the better,’ I said, ‘*I’ll tell the story better.*’

“Even in the last months of his exhausted life, while he was expending the last dregs of whatever power he possessed in an almost

mechanical reproduction of his own Napoleon and Wellington, he stands before one of those manufactures and apostrophises himself in a burst of admiration.

“*What magic ! what fire ! what unerring hand and eye ! what fancy ! what power ! what a gift of God ! I bow and am grateful.*”

Yet “he was, it appears, a good husband, an affectionate father, and—a less ordinary merit—a kind and even fond step-father.”

“What he may have been in ordinary social life we know not, but the journals afford such innumerable instances of friends made and lost, and yet regained, and of dupes deceived and cheated, but who were still willing to be deceived and cheated to the last, that we cannot doubt that he must have had, under a decided air of vulgar arrogance, considerable plausibility, and even attraction—perhaps naturally—when he had a point to carry.”

“The most prominent features of his journals are the disgraceful manœuvres by which he endeavoured to escape from the pecuniary difficulties in which his folly and extravagance had ‘steeped him to the very lips.’” “Whenever it came to a question of payment, £ s. d. were only the symbols of Lies, Shifts, Dishonesty. He seems to have out-Sheridaned Sheridan.” “He lived in an agony of pecuniary difficulties, amounting, as he tells us over and over again, to *madness*, and that certainly was sufficient to have produced it in a sounder mind. He was in the company of bailiffs and in sponging houses oftener than we can reckon up: he was four times in prison, and twice passed through the Insolvent Court without having paid his creditors a penny; and he died at least £3000 in debt, and this after having received more benevolent patronage (which we distinguish from a mere purchasing patronage), more pecuniary assistance, more indulgence, more liberality, and in fact more charity than any artist that we have either read or heard of.”

“He had the unpardonable dishonesty of inducing some of the young and inexperienced pupils, whom his pretensions and *sanfaronades* had procured him, to sign bills, on which he raised money, leaving the poor youths and their families to get out of the scrape as best they could.”

“He declared war against the patrons, the connoisseurs, the Academy, and the whole artistic world.” He confesses in his diary that his friends advised him to be quiet, but that he was unmanageable, and that the idea of being a Luther or John Knox in art got the better of his reason.

“In the midst of all these wild and wayward extravagances, and these reiterated instances of culpable misconduct, we are at first startled and afterwards shocked at the introduction of frequent and energetic prayer,—shocked, we say, because these solemn addresses to God are grievously misplaced in such a journal, and are themselves conceived in a tone the very reverse of what a really devout spirit would have prompted.”

Here are specimens:—

“O, God, Thou who hast brought me to the point, bring me through that point. Grant, during the exhibition, nothing may happen to dull its success, but that it may go on in one continual stream of triumphant success to the last instant. O God! Thou knowest I am in the clutches of a villain: grant me the power *entirely* to get out of them, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. And subdue the evil disposition of that villain, so that I may extricate myself from his power without getting further into it. Grant me this for Christ's sake. Amen, with all my soul.’”

“‘Perhaps God may punish me, as he did Napoleon, as an example, for pursuing a grand object with less regard to moral principle than became a Christian,—that is, raising money to get through, careless of the means of repaying; though I had reason to hope the aristocracy would have helped me, by purchasing, to keep my word.’”

“He chooses to forget that the aristocracy, and the democracy too, had helped and helped him till he had wearied them with never-ending improvidence and never-mending incapacity; yet he pursued the same reckless course even when all reasonable hope was exhausted—everything was exhausted except his self-sufficiency and these wayward formulas of devotion.”

After toning down a cloud to his satisfaction one day, he writes,—

“‘*To Pœan! and I fell on my knees, and thanked God, and bowed my forehead and touched the ground, &c.* This is B. R. Haydon—the real man—may he live a thousand years! and here he sneezed. Lucky!’”

His difficulties increased. He competed for designs to embellish the Houses of Parliament—and wrote in his journal,

“‘I trust in God, and we shall see who is most powerful—He or the Royal Commission. We shall see!’”

And he failed—“a total and humiliating failure.” He made an exhibition of his recent works: and this failed. His agony was dreadful—increased hourly.

“‘20th. O God, bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

“‘21st. Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

“‘22nd. God forgive me. Amen.

Finis

of

B. R. Haydon.

“‘Stretch me no longer on this rough world.’—*Lear*.

“‘End of the Twenty-sixth Volume.’”

“To this Mr. Taylor adds,—

“‘This closing entry was made between half-past ten and a quarter to eleven on the morning of Monday the 22nd of June. Before eleven the hand that wrote it was stiff and cold in self-inflicted death.

On the Morning of that Monday, Haydon rose early and went out, returning, apparently fatigued, at nine. He then wrote. At ten he entered his painting-room, and soon after saw his wife, then dressing to visit a friend at Brixton, by her husband's special desire. He embraced her fervently, and returned to his painting-room. About a quarter to eleven his wife and daughter heard the report of fire-arms, but took little notice of it, as they supposed it to proceed from the troops then exercising in the park. Mrs Haydon went out. About an hour after, Miss Haydon entered the painting-room, and found her father stretched out dead before the easel on which stood his unfinished picture of Alfred and the first British Jury—his white hairs dabbled in blood—a half-opened razor, smeared with blood, at his side—near it a small pistol, recently discharged—in his throat a frightful gash, and a bullet-wound in his skull. A portrait of his wife stood on a smaller easel facing his large picture. On a table near was his Diary (open at the page of that last entry), his watch, a Prayer-book (open at the Gospel for the Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany), letters addressed to his wife and children, and this paper, [containing his will, &c.,] headed, 'Last thoughts of B. R. Haydon, half-past ten :—No man should use certain evil for probable good, however great the object. Evil is the prerogative of the Deity.'"

IV. *An account of the appearances after Haydon's death, with some reflections upon Phrenology and Phrenologists, by Dr. Elliotson.*

"Men ought to know that, from the *brain only* proceed pleasure and joy, and laughter and sport, as well as griefs, anxieties, sorrows, and weeping. By it we are wise especially, and understand, and see, and hear, and appreciate what is base and honourable, good and bad, pleasant and unpleasant, distinguishing them partly by habit, partly by their utility. By it we distinguish what is pleasurable, and what disagreeable, according to circumstances; and, by it, the same things do not please us in all circumstances. By it we are insane and delirious; experience terrors and fears, partly by night, partly by day; and sleeplessness, and ill-timed errors, and groundless cares; do not recognize those who are with us; lose our habits, and forget our experience. And all this we suffer from the brain if it is not healthy, &c.: wherefore I say, that the brain is the messenger and interpreter of intelligence and wisdom. But the *præcordia* have obtained the name of *φρένες* among the Greeks, by custom, not from fact and nature; and I know not what property they have of knowing and understanding, except that in sudden and great joy or sorrow they leap," &c.—HIPPOCRATES on *Epilepsy*.

I knew Mr. Haydon, from having been requested by him to visit some of his family in sickness, and I always cheerfully gave them my professional assistance. At the time of his suicide, Mr. Walter Bryant of the Edgware Road invited me, with great good feeling, to assist in the inspection of the body. It was a frightful sight to behold him on the floor

with a gun-shot wound in his head, a deep gash in each side of his throat, and a half-opened bloody razor at his side. The melancholy of the scene was increased by the strong marks of vanity in the arrangement of the death show—the body lying in his painting room, before an imperfect picture on his easel, a portrait of his wife placed opposite, and his diary open and just completed. When it is considered that a prayer book also lay open at the gospel for the sixth Sunday after the Epiphany, and there were affectionate letters addressed to his wife and children and a paper of directions, confessing distraction and wildly expressed insane vanity—"I have done nothing all my life that will render *me* fearful of appearing before the awful consciousness of my invisible God, or hesitate to explain my actions!"—and a hope that his worthy and *unworthy* creditors would forgive him,—the whole was harrowing and an epitome of his previous life. Imperfection in his art—inordinate vanity—selfishness—strong domestic affection—bitterness, moral unscrupulousness, which is surely unprincipledness—violence—only moderate intelligence, pharisaical airs, and superstition, characterized him. His religion was very different from genuine piety. It was the feeling and conduct which might be shewn towards a very powerful person who could inflict misery and grant him what he wished—grant that his son should get through the examination at Cambridge, that he might sell two of his pictures, and that people should flock to the exhibition of his pictures,—to effect which purpose he wrote also strong and vulgar puffs. Mr. Taylor accurately describes his prayers as "begging letters, in fact, dispatched to the Almighty," and adds that his faith "was not strong enough to induce a calm and steadfast waiting upon God's will."*

The cerebral composition and organization of Haydon, with the circumstances in which he lived, explain his whole

* Mr. Taylor archly adds, as to his prayers, "that it must not be forgotten that the prayers of many eminently pious people, and indeed of whole churches and sects, are little more than this;" and, as to his faith, "neither, as it seems to me, is the faith of the most prayerful persons of this character," (vol. iii., p. 367.)

People desire public prayers and fasts against the cholera and other epidemics, but never against railway accidents, however thickly, epidemically, these may occur. All depend equally upon natural causes: but the causes of the latter are understood, and therefore praying against them is never thought of—but the companies are looked after.

Haydon believed in omens. "In driving along the cab-horse fell. Would any man believe this annoyed me? As an omen, the same thing happened before the Cartoon contest. Such are human beings. Napoleon's coach broke down on his return from Elba." "In putting in my letters for the private day, I let three parts fall on the pavement—about 300. Another fall! now for the truth of omens."—*Diary*, March 29, 31. 1846.

life, as they do those of every being from the cradle to the grave. His composition gave him a highly sanguine temperament, so that his colour was florid and his whole frame most excitable: and his brain partook of his general composition and nature. He walked fast, as thousands must have seen: I have heard that he ate fast: he talked fast; was sudden and quick in action, and dashed impetuously even in painting: he prayed very hard.

Let any ever so little acquainted with the true physiology of the brain, as discovered by Gall, look at his cast,* and not read the whole character. The three lithographs were executed from a calotype kindly made for me from the cast by Mr. Barker, of North Crescent, Bedford Square. On looking at the front view, we are struck with the great size of the lateral organs—of violence (Destructiveness), cunning (Secretiveness), love of property (Acquisitiveness), and Constructiveness: the deficiency of the central organs of the forehead—those of talent for observation and comparison (Individuality and Eventuality, Comparison). The lateral view shews the enormous Love of Notoriety (vanity), and—the domestic group, Philoprogenitiveness, or love of offspring, Friendship, and probably an organ of Marriage,†—and the moderate development of the forehead. The back view exhibits the great breadth above the ears and the great size of Combativeness.

Thus the brain of Haydon, like every other when considered with full knowledge of cerebral physiology, confirms in the most ample manner the discoveries of Gall. What can scoffers at the true physiology of the brain reply? The history of Haydon's life is not made for the occasion: nor has the cast been got up for the occasion. They are both independent of us: and so were those of Rush, the Mannings, and all the others presented in *The Zoist* to the public. I have no hesitation to declare that every person who rejects Gall's physiology of the brain is totally ignorant of it, and incompetent to give an opinion. Those who reject it, after having formerly received it and upheld it, prove that they had accepted it upon no good grounds, but from mere feeling—imitation—credulity, and neglect of careful study of nature herself: and that their present is as worthless as their former opinion—that they are not sound and hardworking men—but

* I have placed the original cast in the Mesmeric Institute of London (36, Weymouth Street, Portland Place). Casci, the Italian, who took it for me, furnishes others at his house, No. 3, Harford Place, Drury Lane.

† From my own observation, I fancy, with Gall, that there are such a faculty and organ, and that they lie close to the love of offspring.

are led by feeling more than intellect. For phrenology is to a great extent a matter of fact, not of opinion; a science; but, like every other science, is still limited and imperfect.

Forty years have now elapsed since I first began to study phrenology, and not by books only but also by observation; and I have not passed a day without bestowing upon it some reflection and observation. The subject to which I have devoted all my adult life is the nature and treatment of diseases. Whatever else I have studied, anatomy, physiology—both at large and of the brain inclusively—chemistry, &c., &c., has been in subservience to the practice of medicine: and therefore in none but it have I attempted original observation and investigation. No person can be properly acquainted with the diseases of the nervous system who is not a phrenologist: and I have not seen any reason to change the conclusions to which I came almost forty years ago respecting the functions of various parts of the brain. I wrote in its favour in 1817, in the *Annals of Medicine and Surgery*—now a very scarce book, in my notes to every one of the five editions of my translation of *Blumenbach's Physiology*,* in all my lectures, and in *The Zoist* from the very first number through the eleven years of its course. At this very moment I declare my conviction to be the same as ever—to be as strong as my conviction of anything which I know in astronomy, chemistry, or any other science, and to be fortified by the additional experience of every day which has passed. The reason of this is that I have admitted nothing which examination into nature did not satisfy me to be true. I read all that Spurzheim and other phrenologists advanced on discoveries unknown to Gall; but I never concluded that these were true because they were advanced. I soon saw the difference between Gall's statements and those of Dr. Spurzheim and others. Three and twenty years ago—

“I sent to Mr. Combe, for the *Phrenological Journal*, a paper read by me to the Phrenological Society of London, with a title to this effect, and bearing my name. In it I casually expressed my regret that Dr. S. had not followed Gall's plan of detailing the origin and progress of each of his discoveries of organs and of laying a body of individual instances in proof to his readers, but merely made an assertion; so that one was inclined to think that he had reasoned himself into the belief of faculties, and then considered where their organs were most likely to lie; not having first met with

* Each edition contained less and less by Blumenbach and more and more by myself, and the last contained so little by Blumenbach that I felt justified in calling the book by my own name. The first edition appeared in 1815.

the facts and extended his observations in consequence. Mr. Combe thought proper to strike this out of the paper without communication with me."—See my *Human Physiology*, p. 1162.

The dishonesty struck me as disgraceful—so wrong in itself, so injurious to the cause of truth, that I ceased from that moment to contribute to the *Journal* or to hold any intercourse with Mr. Combe.* I saw that he was not a lover of truth but of party. No party on any subject have I ever belonged to in my life. I now boldly declare what I declared several years ago—that phrenology would have now been in a far better condition had neither Dr. Spurzheim nor Mr. Combe, nor any other of the Edinburgh party, written a word about it.† They caused a rapid increase of the number of phrenologists: but of superficial and unsound phrenologists. They have damaged phrenology from the day they each first wrote. They have not followed the example of the great founder of the science, whose labour to discover truth was immense, but have imagined, invented, and argued, but neglected careful observation of nature. Mr. Combe and his allies adopted what Dr. Spurzheim asserted, neglected Gall's writings, and to this wilful ignorance added cruel injustice to Gall. A great number of persons attended to phrenology, and saw sufficient truth to make them converts. They generally admitted all they read in the writings of Dr. Spurzheim, Mr. Combe, and their allies who supported the *Phrenological Journal*; making no distinction between what Gall asserted and what these very inferior men asserted; and not one in a thousand ever read the writings of Gall himself. They received all at once, in faith, indiscriminately, and would have equally admitted a few dozen more organs had these also been thrown in, regarding all as of course equally well founded

* "When I complained, his apology was that the Editor was answerable for everything in the *Journal*, and that differences among phrenologists were injurious; and that posterity would settle the respective merits of Gall and Dr. S. I replied, 1. That the paper professed to be a certain paper read at a certain place. If it was mutilated, it was not what it professed to be. 2. That, as it bore my name, the Editor was not responsible for its sentiments, as in the case of anonymous reviews in which everything is considered as the Editor's. 3. That when a phrenologist is wrong, the sooner his error is corrected the better: the more error spreads, the greater will be the difficulty when the time arrives, as it always must, for its correction: so as to Gall and Dr. S., if the present generation of their cotemporaries allow injustice to prevail, posterity will have a fine argument in our silence that all was right and Dr. S. what he pretended to be."—*Human Physiology*, p. 1162.

† In 1843 I wrote, "I have a firm conviction that, if Gall's 8vo. work had been translated, and neither Dr. S. nor Mr. Combe had published their works, phrenology would by this time have been far better appreciated and understood, and would many years ago have been received as extensively as it is at present."—*Human Physiology*, p. 1161.

on observation. Mr. Combe and his allies powerfully aided this by always mentioning in print and in public speeches that the two founders of phrenology were Gall and Spurzheim: while they knew that Gall was the sole founder; and if they did not know it, exhibited a most deplorable and discreditable ignorance.* All this I have urged for many years: and it may be seen in print in those parts of the fifth edition of my *Physiology* that were printed in 1837 and 1843, pp. 376—389, 1147—1162, which portions, I trust, will set the world right upon these points for ever, and shew how thoroughly dishonest and unsatisfactory was Dr. Spurzheim, and how ignorant, dishonest, and unsatisfactory have been Mr. Combe and his allies.

I feel acutely and write strongly upon this matter, because phrenology has been put back thirty years by the Edinburgh phrenologists. They spread phrenology greatly, and at p. 403 I gave them great praise. They saw phrenology was true, and then boldly admitted it, and Spurzheim and Combe gained money in abundance by their writings. But, through the kind of converts whom they made, the race of phrenologists in Great Britain have been led into groundless opinions, and, as this is now growing evident, phrenology is being cast off by those who learnt it from Dr. Spurzheim and the Edinburgh school. I asserted in 1837 that, if Gall's works had been translated, and not a syllable written by Dr. Spurzheim, Mr. Combe, or the other Scotch phrenologists, phrenology would have been more rapidly advanced. I will add that it would have been admitted on solid grounds and now per-

* Mr. Combe, in the preface to his work entitled *Functions of the Cerebellum*, p. xxiv, coolly says "Drs. Gall and Spurzheim have the merit of having first taught the true anatomy and physiology of the brain." Now all the world know that Gall had promulgated his discoveries many years before Dr. Spurzheim was at all acquainted with one. Dr. Spurzheim was twenty years his junior, and learnt phrenology by attending Gall's lectures. In 1837 I wrote, "I am not acquainted with six persons whose native tongue is English, even among writers and lecturers on phrenology, who have not learned phrenology second-hand from Dr. S., or third-hand from Mr. Combe's writings, since these are in English, and comparatively short, while Gall's are in French, and of great extent. That the injustice done to Gall is such as to demand the pains I have taken, is proved by the custom among phrenological writers in the English language of speaking of the system of Gall and Spurzheim, of the founders of phrenology (for instance, *Edinburgh Phrenological Journal*, No. iv., p. 628; No. v., pp. 98, 110; No. vi., p. 186), and the habit of such writers of quoting from Dr. S.'s works passages which were written by Gall and are taken from his works (Mr. Combe, *Phrenology*, p. 100, also p. 3, 5, and 44). Nay, many of Dr. S.'s friends used always to declare that Gall had not given the philosophy of phrenology, but merely collected facts. At a public dinner given to Dr. S., Mr. Combe intentionally disparaged Gall by declaring that Dr. Spurzheim had infused philosophy and system into the facts brought to light by observation. *Edinburgh Phrenological Journal*, vol. v."—*Human Physiology*, p. 387.

manently established in this country, instead of being with most persons little more than an opinion or belief. I have never contended for the truth of all the organs discovered even by Gall. I am satisfied of the truth of a sufficient number to establish phrenology as a science.* The truth of those alleged to be discovered by Dr. Spurzheim and others has yet to be established. This I have invariably said: and it delights me to find that Mr. Straton, who is perhaps the best phrenologist living, and has most laboriously made thousands of original examinations, and examined more heads than even Gall himself, and has the talent, the truthfulness, and love of pure science that with industry render a man a real philosopher, is of the same opinion.

"I must also avow my conviction that much of what has been done by others than Gall must be done anew, and with far more definite and positive evidence in view than has yet been collected. When the followers of that great man learn from his example to appreciate precision, and to enjoy the certainty, the calm satisfaction, which scrupulous accuracy in collecting, recording, and investigating evidence can alone give in this, as in every other department of science, they will first be amazed at the flimsy foundation of some parts of their faith, and then admire the unceasing toil with which Gall collected and sifted evidence, and the caution with which he drew conclusions from what would to many seem superfluous evidence."—*Supra*, p. 45.

* "Gall does not pretend to have discovered the ultimate nature of all the fundamental faculties which he has pointed out. 'I preferred,' says he, 'leaving something for those who come after me to do, rather than give them an opportunity to disprove what I had prematurely advanced.' (*Fonctions du Cerveau*, t. v., p. 243.) Neither does he pretend to have enumerated all the fundamental faculties of the mind. 'Probably,' says he, 'those who follow me in the career which I have opened, will discover some fundamental forces and some organs which have escaped my researches.'" (t. v., p. 406.)

"Constant strength of certain parts of the mind is accompanied by strong development of certain parts of the brain, and, consequently, of the skull, except in disease and old age; and deficient development of certain parts of the brain, and, consequently, of the skull, accompanied by deficient strength of certain parts of the mind." "Inquirers, however, must not expect always to find the converse of the statement verified,—to find strength of development always attended by strength of certain parts of the mind; nor deficiency of the manifestations of certain parts of the mind always attended by deficient development. Because the development of the head may arise from other causes than brain, or the quality of the brain may not be healthy; and, on the other hand, deficiency of the manifestations of a part of the mind may arise from mere want of excitement, or from disease. The head may be large, generally or locally, from fluid, morbid growth of bone, &c.; or the brain, though the cause of the size, may be of bad quality from original fault of structure, from subsequent disease, or from old age. But the existence of disease is generally known, and old age must be evident. Again, defective manifestation of a part of the mind from mere want of excitement rarely occurs except in regard to the intellectual powers; for external circumstances almost always exist around sufficient for the play of the

It will be observed that every organ on which I rest the proof of phrenology in Haydon's head is one of those discovered by Gall. The same is the case with those spoken of by Mr. Straton, with the exception of Order, and the existence of such a faculty Gall had always thought probable. Mr. Straton, in a letter to me of March 4, this year, writes,

"All which Gall did is admirably done so far as it goes, and he did a most extraordinary quantity of labour for one man, shewing an example of industry, caution, care, and honesty, which is yet without a parallel in any of his successors. That he approximated the locality and the function of at least twenty of the cerebral organs, seems to me certain; but that considerable modifications as to the boundaries and centres, considerable additions of organs and subdivisions, and clearer definition of the functions, have still to be made, appears equally certain."

"In Spurzheim's doings among the organs I have no confidence whatever. It may be that I do him injustice in this particular. Mr. Combe repeatedly stated to me that Spurzheim introduced changes in the mapping when in America, so extensive that he (Mr. C.) could never understand them. He states the same sentiment at the close of a paper in an early volume of the *Phrenological Journal*.

"This 'unkindest cut of all' from an ardent admirer was fatal to confidence on my part, and his notions about estimating the size of the organs goes far to stamp him in my mind as a reckless theorizer. He tells us that *he* first drew attention to the *breadth* of the organs which Gall had neglected, and Mr. Combe insists upon that at great length, as well as the projection beyond points, lines, plains, &c. These particulars lay directly in my way: I was compelled to examine them, and must pronounce them puerile absurdities, refuted by the most marked cases in our collections. I am however disposed to think well of Spurzheim as a cerebral anatomist; but as to the organs, I think much more of Vimont of Paris than any other, excepting Gall. Vimont, you are aware, extends the list to 42, not

feelings. Thus, although any phrenologist may always without fear assert positively of the head from constant positive exhibitions of the mind, and always fearlessly assert negatively of the mind from negative exhibitions of the head; he would not assert respecting the mind from positive exhibitions of the head, nor respecting the head from negative exhibitions of the mind, without certain provisions, viz., that the size of the head depends upon healthy brain, and the deficiency of mind arises from no want of excitement, or from disease. Yet, in the far greater number of instances, the development of the head agrees with the mind. In the greater number of those in which it does not, the probability of the want of agreement is evident; and in the rest, the phrenologist cannot be wrong, because he will never assert from positive development of the head, nor from negative manifestation of the mind. Even in unsoundness of mind, the character generally agrees with the development; the parts of the mind that may remain sound, generally manifest themselves according to the development of the head; and those faculties which are diseased, are usually excited in proportion to the development of the corresponding parts of the head."—*Human Physiology*, pp. 373, 374.

including 4 or 5 said by others to exist. I am willing to admit the whole 47 or 48 as probable, but very few of them as finally settled in position, boundary, and function."

It is gratifying to find that what I expressed so many years ago to the astonishment and in the face of the Spurzheimite phrenologists is now corroborated by the man who is perhaps the most qualified to deliver an opinion.

"Such was Gall's philosophy that he told me that, although Dr. S.'s conduct had been such as to determine him never to see Dr. S. again, he was far more vexed at the speculative turn which Dr. S. gave to phrenology,—more vexed that, while he himself had adhered closely to observation, Dr. S. had introduced conjecture and inference from too few observations. Gall lamented to me this turn in the Edinburgh phrenologists; and so, strange to say, did Dr. S."—*Human Physiology*, p. 386.*

Much as I rejoice in the opportunity of giving confirmation to Gall's philosophy by another head of a character whom no one will dispute, I should not have laid Haydon's head before the public had not a full exposure of the poor man been made to the public by the lamentable publication of his autobiography. When I took the cast I longed to lay it before the public, but refrained from delicacy to the deceased and to his family for whom I deeply felt. But now that his character is laid open to the world and I can mention nothing which is not already universally known, and give no opinion which is not already in print, I do not hesitate to discuss his development for the sake of phrenology. To do this is in fact a kindness to his memory. For it will prove to all that he was the "man Haydon" by inevitable laws of nature—that, as he did not make himself, nor a particle of his organization, so all his thoughts and actions resulted from the

* Some of those who profess adhering to *positive philosophy* often commit the same injurious error. I recollect that the late well-known Mr. Taylor of Norwich, who knew nothing of phrenology, told me that Gall had misplaced the organ of Music; and that its seat was behind the ear. He could give me no proof. All science is positive philosophy. If philosophy is not positive, it is not science, not the knowledge of nature, but speculation on nature, and, if not rather probable, is dreaming and may be absolute wildness. A friend writes to me:—"In the little volume just published by Lewes, giving a translation or epitome of Compté's recent labours, there is a chapter on cerebral physiology, in which Compté acknowledges that he is indebted to Gall for the first hints and even the general outline of what is there given. But he turns round and accuses Gall of having misplaced a number (I forget how many) of the cerebral organs. This conclusion Compté reaches from *theoretical* considerations: Constructiveness, for example, should have been near Adhesiveness instead of being forward in the anterior lobe. He seems to hold that Gall was at liberty to place the organs where he pleased, instead of looking where nature had placed them. If this is not a degree of ignorance of the first principles of positive science that would disgrace a first-form schoolboy, judge ye."

brain which he was and the position in which he was placed—resulted as inevitably as a tune does from a hand-organ—accordingly as this is constructed and circumstanced after it is constructed. Had his head resembled those of Oberlin and Jeannin,* he would not have acted as he did. We shall perceive it our duty to pity him, and confess that with his organization and circumstances we should have thought and done all that he thought and did, and thus “pour contempt on all our pride.” “Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.” As to willing as we choose, that is, willing without a cause, that is impossible. Every thing, and the act of willing therefore like everything else, must have a cause which effects the willing by absolute necessity. When the organization and composition are bad, and when ordinary external circumstances do not produce proper and virtuous willing, even with good advice and training, we are obliged to give additional motives to the will by suitable conduct towards the erring individual and by what is called punishment; that is, we must give stronger consequences to their conduct than might naturally ensue. Every body should be spoken and written of, and treated while alive and when dead, exactly according to his deeds. Were this not done, the bad would be ten thousand times worse, and the good be afflicted and discouraged. As a dangerous or loathsome brute animal or vegetable must be guarded against and kept in its place, so must bad human beings, who are to be viewed as bad articles, though to be pitied for being so constituted. Thus the bad will be improved, and their neighbours protected; and thousands, who would be bad, be prevented from so turning out. By viewing conduct as the inevitable effect of certain causes, we shall learn to forgive our most bitter enemies, to feel pity towards them, and to be anxious to reform them; though we may also feel it right to avoid them, restrain them, and hold up their conduct to condemnation. This is the use of examining organizations and surrounding circumstances: this leads to true religion, whatever be the creed, and to a horror of malevolence.†

The good we should admire and love, and yet not regard them as really meritorious and real objects of applause, but as beings who ought to be thankful, who are, in religious language, debtors to grace. So in regard to ourselves, if we are stupid or wicked, we ought to despise ourselves as bad articles; and if we are clever, handsome, or virtuous, we ought to take no praise whatever, but be thankful and humble.

* See the engravings in No. II.

† See what a lady and I say on free-will, No. XII., p. 416.

A person vain of birth, rank (however high), beauty, talent, learning or riches acquired even by industry (for the spirit of industry is a gift), or virtue, is so far a weak fool.

In Haydon there was unfortunate composition as well as bad development. He was very florid, and subject to irregular gout, and his whole frame was very excitable, and his brain therefore so in common with every other part. All this he increased by drinking quantities of hot port-wine negus (and it was strongly sugared); and he really drank hard and was once intoxicated just before his death. An honest man in his straitened circumstances would not have spent a farthing in alcoholic drinks. Stimulants were poison to him. Even flesh food was improper for such a man. Had he been a strict water-drinker, he would have been less passionate and impetuous, less unhappy, and possibly been still alive. With his domestic affection he would, notwithstanding his innate excitability, not have played the tyrant so much over his wife and children, as he continually did, as well as over his servants.

The skull and the covering or membrane of the brain called *dura mater* were thick and dense, the membrane become like vellum and grown very firmly to the skull—all which appearances are common after chronic insanity and chronic vascular excitement of the brain. The membrane called arachnoid from its delicacy had become opaque upon the upper surface of the brain, and fluid had collected beneath it, and there were innumerable bloody dots throughout the substance of the brain—all which three appearances are noticed after both chronic and recent vascular excitement of the brain. His excitement had greatly increased latterly and his head had ached much. The arteries also of the brain bore the marks of long-standing disease. The large artery called basilar from lying at the base of the brain was to a great extent partly ossified, partly in the state called atheromatous.

Thus the innate morbid excitability of his head had gradually increased as life proceeded till at length the structures became diseased.

We found a gun-shot wound in the scalp at the lower and outer side of the right organ of the Love of Notoriety or Approbation,—of Vanity: and a pistol-ball had lain two or three inches from it under the scalp: a fine circular fracture of the external layer of the bone, with a little groove near it, from the bone being chipped, containing lead to about one-third of its length: and below this a much larger fracture of the inner layer of the bone, and the latter fractured portion

was driven down upon the brain and ragged, having wounded an artery and thus given rise to a clot of blood. We found also a gash in the neck on each side, beginning very shallow and far back; and the right gash beginning in two places, shewing that he had no sooner begun to cut than he shifted and lowered the razor and began again, for he had begun so high that the razor must have gone against the skull-bone; the second, the completed, cut on his right side was deeper at its origin than the corresponding part of the gash on the left side: the gash on each side grew deeper as it advanced forwards and downwards, wounding the external jugular vein, but not the internal jugular vein nor the carotid artery, and became again so shallow as to expose, but not wound, the windpipe. He cut so high as to have little chance of wounding the carotid artery, his study of anatomy availing him no more than it had done in his drawing. The right gash extended further forwards than the left, and became very shallow at its termination, wounding merely the skin. Of course he first fired the pistol, and, when it had failed to destroy him, cut his throat. There was a pool of blood at the door, another at the easel, and blood all along the floor between them. Whether he made the first gash at the easel, and, having gone from some cause to the door, returned to the easel and made the second; or whether he made the first gash, or even the second, at the door, or only the second at the easel, he managed to die at the easel before his unfinished picture, and thus give effect to the scene: and the second must have been that on the left side and made with the right hand, for in this hand a razor was found very tightly grasped—so tightly that the fingers continued rigidly bent after the razor had been forcibly drawn from them before the body was put into the coffin.*

Haydon was unquestionably of unsound mind: insane in common language, but not insane in legal language, for no one could ever have had the right of confining or restraining him by force. Thousands who roam at large belong to his class, inflicting hourly misery upon their innocent wives and

* The account published in the third volume of Mr. Tom Taylor's book, professing to have been received from Mr. Bryant and myself, was drawn up by that gentleman from short badly written and unconnected notes, offered with the most friendly feeling to Mr. T. Taylor, and is so inaccurate that Mr. Bryant and myself are not answerable for it. A proof was sent to Mr. Bryant and one to myself with a notice that it was to be corrected instantly while the boy waited, as though it was sure to find us disengaged and required no reflection: and afterwards I found that much was added which was not in my proof. Why the whole was hurried so strangely I cannot say. I gave no opinion as to the effect of Haydon's singular use of spectacles, as I am said to have done.

children, and tormenting their more distant relatives and friends, and perhaps injuring their own means. They may have no delusion, or monomania of intellect, (though Haydon had the delusion of vanity,) but conduct themselves in an absurd and perhaps distressing manner. Should their conduct lead to no acts criminally injurious to themselves or others, we cannot restrain them; but, if it does lead to such acts, we are allowed to restrain them. If they are inaccessible to the motives which ordinarily influence mankind, we regard them as irresistibly impelled, and thus morally mad, and we so treat them: but, if this cannot be proved, they, having no delusion, are not considered mad but culpable. This inaccessibility to ordinary motives requires decided facts for its proof: and, where there is no delusion, it is sometimes doubtful. We may call them mad as soon as they have killed themselves, and are censured if we call them mad while they are alive.

V. *Mesmeric Cases.* By Dr. ESDAILE. Communicated through Dr. Elliotson.

"On the 7th I left town by express train to visit Mrs. Gwatkins at Plymouth," "the last relic left us of the Johnsonian-Burkeian period. She is in her eighty-ninth year," "niece to Sir Joshua Reynolds." "She said she came to Sir Joshua quite a little girl, and at the first grand party Dr. Johnson stayed, as he always did, after all were gone: and that she being afraid of hurting her new frock, went up stairs and put on another, and came down to sit with Dr. J. and Sir Joshua. Johnson thundered out at her, scolded her for her disrespect to him, in supposing he was not as worthy of her best frock as fine folks. He sent her crying to bed, and took a dislike to her ever after."

The old lady told him another anecdote of this coarse and self-sufficient man. "She had a goldfinch which she had left at home. Her brother and sister dropped water upon it from a great height for fun. The bird died from fright and turned black. She told Goldsmith, who was writing his *Animated Nature*. Goldsmith begged her to get the facts and he would allude to it. 'Sir,' roared out Johnson, 'if you do, you'll ruin yourself: for depend upon it it's a lie.'"

"She said that after Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander came from their voyage, at a grand dinner at Sir Joshua's, Dr. Solander was relating that in Iceland he had seen a fowl boiled in a few minutes in the hot springs. Johnson broke up the whole party by roaring out, 'Sir, unless I saw it with my own eyes I would not believe it.' Nobody spoke after, and Banks and Solander rose and left the dining room."—*Mr. Tom Taylor's Life of Robert Haydon*, vol. iii., p. 313.

My dear Dr. Elliotson,—I propose to give you some cases in this letter illustrative of the curative effects of mesmerism in various complaints, in which medicine had been found useless, or held out no prospect of being of service. The practical mesmerist will find nothing new in my report, but it will help to shew what mesmerism *can* and *cannot* do.

You may remember that some time ago I consulted you

about my wife's health which had been constantly declining for more than a year. She suffered from intense periodic headaches, indigestion, pain in the sacrum, and complete prostration of strength; symptoms which medicine could not even relieve. I therefore called in a professional mesmeriser, and had her regularly mesmerised for three months, but with very little benefit for a long time. She only felt comforted, and missed the process when it was omitted. At last, her digestion began to improve, and she is now better than she has been for several years. As her sufferings arose from a nearly exhausted state of the nervous system, the consequence of a long residence in India, no rapid improvement could be reasonably expected from any curative measures whatever, and her improvement was so gradual that I cannot be confident of this not being a *post hoc* mesmeric cure. My wife's own impression is, that mesmerism husbanded her strength better than anything else could have done till time brought her relief: and I agree with her. But, that the following cases in my own family were *genuine mesmeric cures* in which no other agency was concerned, I feel quite confident. The patients were my sister-in-law and niece, whose nervous systems were only greatly disordered, but not exhausted, like my wife's, and their cases shew the rapid renovating power of mesmerism when the nervous system is capable of sudden reaction. My brother's wife had been suffering for more than a year from great nervous debility and irritability, accompanied with hysteria, great and constant pain in the neck and sacrum, sleeplessness, and fainting fits. I considered her state to be the result of rapid child-bearing and suckling, which had extraordinarily exhausted her brain and spinal marrow, and therefore very likely to be benefited by mesmerism. But, knowing her to have a secret dread and fear of mesmerism, I did not propose it to her, but trusted to being able to restore her health by the usual orthodox treatment. She was therefore put upon a tonic course of medicine and diet, with the occasional use of anti-spasmodics, for six months, and with considerable benefit at first; but this soon ceased, and she fell into a most distressing and alarming state, which medicine, as known to me, could not even alleviate, far less cure. She lost all appetite, her nights were sleepless, her head turned when she sat up in bed, and even turning in bed brought on violent palpitations. She could not look steadily at any object for a few moments without becoming giddy, and she was haunted with panic fears and a constant feeling of impending death, &c. In short, she appeared to be on the verge of falling into phrenzy or

brain fever, and I should like to know what were or are the resources of medicine in a case like this. Opium? Her uncle, a medical man of long experience, dared not give it her. It might paralyse the brain, but could never healthily subdue such a state of cerebral excitement. Antiphlogistic treatment? Bleeding, blistering, purging, or leeching, would have driven her permanently out of her senses, I felt convinced. Will our brethren of the "*ancien regime*" kindly inform me what I should have done? I confess that I should have been at my wit's end, but for mesmerism.

Things had become too serious now for the farther indulgence of mere fancies, and mesmerism as her last resource was recommended, and reluctantly submitted to. As she could not sit up or look at her mesmeriser without turning giddy, and the light was intolerable, she was mesmerised *lying in bed, with eyes closed, and in a darkened room*. She was soothed without going to sleep the first day. On the second day, she was entranced in a few minutes, slept well all night afterwards, and awoke feeling quite well. Her appetite and natural sleep returned from this date, and on the third day she walked to the top of a hill 500 feet high behind my house. The difficulty was to get her to believe that she could not be so soon cured of so long and severe a disease, and that it was therefore necessary to continue the treatment for a length of time. This her husband did, and she is now very well.

My niece, who was still weak from a late attack of measles, overexerted herself in attending upon my sister-in-law. She felt quite prostrated, and suffered from acute pain in the neck, and at the bottom of the spine. One of her legs became numb and nearly insensible, and she could not move without help. Mesmerism was prescribed for her also. She was easily put to sleep on the first trial, and awoke free from pain, and able to walk down stairs alone. Her natural sleep and appetite, which she had lost, returned, and weakness only remained, which was soon removed by a good appetite.

If any medicine could have done so much for these two ladies in so short a time, I have not been fortunate enough to meet with it in twenty years practice.

Mr. Craven, the person employed by me to mesmerise my relatives, has been prosecuting his art here with great success; and, as this must depend upon the judicious selection of the cases, I, although no longer practising my profession, have permitted him to bring his patients to me for my opinion regarding their suitableness for exclusive mesmeric treatment.

The patients in the following cases were considered by me, more or less, proper subjects for mesmeric treatment, and the results are described by themselves :—

“Mr. Craven.

“12th December, 1853.

“My dear Sir,—I believe that throughout the whole of your practice as a mesmeric operator, you never had a case which combined such a number of complicated and deep-seated disorders as those under which I have suffered for the last quarter of a century. These disorders are, I am afraid, incurable by any human instrumentality: but, notwithstanding, I believe that in no case has the mesmeric influence been more strongly manifested. At the first operation, my whole system was most powerfully influenced: at the second, my right leg, which had been so completely paralysed for twenty years that I dragged it along like a dead weight, and could not move my toes, experiencing a strange, thrilling sensation through every part. After the third operation I was able to move my toes, and every subsequent day I received an increase of power, until after the ninth time, when all the muscular action was partially restored. For twenty-four years I had never been able to rise from a chair without laying hold of some object, or pressing my hands on the seat; but now I could rise up with ease from a low footstool, jump from the ground, and even hop a little on my lame leg. It is true that my many deep-seated disorders prevent me from reaping the benefit I otherwise might have had from the restored muscular action, but nevertheless it remains a fact, and thus demonstrates the power of mesmerism as a curative agent. I can also bear testimony to its soothing influences; for often have I been labouring under intense suffering at the beginning of an operation, and yet at its close I have risen free from all pain and uneasiness. Indeed, I am always soothed by it. I know, from long and painful experience, that I can get no medicine to relieve my sufferings so completely as is done by the mesmeric passes. I still continue to receive it daily: and, having reaped so much benefit from it myself, I feel it due to others to bear my humble testimony in its favour.

“Yours truly,
“_____.”

“Mr. Craven.

“Perth, 31st August, 1853.

“Dear Sir,—I am happy to say I feel much benefited by your mesmeric operations. Previous to my applying to you, I had for several years slept very little; indeed, many a night had no sleep at all; had a continual noise in my head, and a throbbing sensation, and an unpleasant nervous feeling all over my system. After several mesmerisations, and frequent draughts of mesmerised water, I have slept well: the throbbing has quite gone, and the nervous feeling much abated. My health is very much improved since being under your treatment. Feeling grateful to you for these pleasant changes,

“I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,
“_____.”

"Mr. Craven.

November 14th, 1853.

"Dear Sir,—As so little is yet known of mesmerism as a curative power, it seems desirable that all who have derived benefit from it should bear testimony to its efficacy. I, for one, am happy to add my testimony in its favour. For the last ten or twelve years I have suffered greatly from indigestion, accompanied, as it often is, with alternations of feverish excitement, distressing lassitude, and a whole host of nervous feelings, which defied all my efforts to overcome. I tried all the well-known remedies, but the relief afforded was only temporary. Through the influence of kind friends, I was persuaded to go to Perth and try mesmerism. My faith was quickly strengthened, for I soon began to experience decided relief: a more healthy tone was given to the digestive powers, and an increase of life and vigour infused into the whole system. I had to leave Perth by the end of the second week—much too short a time for a case like mine—yet I still continue to feel decidedly better, and feel grateful to you as my mesmerist, for the benefit I received. I sincerely hope that you may be made the instrument, under a higher power, of greatly alleviating the sufferings of your fellow-men.

"I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,
"____."

"Mr. Craven.

"1st October, 1853.

"Dear Sir,—I think it right to state the result of your attendance on me. For nearly two years I suffered greatly from indigestion, loss of appetite, sleepless nights, palpitation of the heart, and general weakness, particularly of the back and limbs, and extreme languor. All the while I employed the best medical advice, without experiencing any benefit. I placed myself under your charge, having for a week previously discontinued the use of wine and medicine, that mesmerism might have a fair trial. During the first three weeks of August, you visited me every day, and, although I was not very susceptible to the mesmeric influence, I gradually got better under it. Appetite returned, the palpitation ceased. I now sleep soundly, and am in excellent health and spirits, and feel grateful to you, as the means, under God, of restoring me to health.

"I am, Sir, yours truly,
"____."

"Mr. Craven.

"Perth, 10th December, 1853.

"My dear Sir,—I think it my duty to bear testimony to the curative powers of mesmerism. About ten or eleven months ago, I was suddenly laid prostrate by disease. I consulted some of the ablest medical practitioners of the country, without experiencing much permanent benefit. Having heard of some of the cures you had effected by mesmerism, I felt anxious to try it, thinking it would do no harm, if it did no good. When you first visited me, in September last, I was afraid to walk, for I had no command of the ground with my left foot, seldom knowing whether it touched

the ground or not, besides having constant giddiness and lightness in my head, often accompanied with great pain; the nape of the neck was considerably swollen. The first time you mesmerised me, the afflicted side was very much influenced, and the pain removed. I began to improve daily—the swelling in the neck was reduced—I got more command over the leg, and soon began to walk with confidence—the swimming in the head became less frequent, and my general health improved. If I had pain from flatulence, &c., a few passes invariably removed it. I have now been at my employment for two months; and though, as inspector of the railway, I have to walk a number of miles every day, I seldom feel any inconvenience, but find myself daily gaining strength. With best thanks for your exertion in my behalf,

“I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

“CHARLES HILTON.”

A most amusing change has come over the spirit of the Edinburgh medical editors. You may remember that about a year ago they would not admit a paper of mine on the *Anæsthetic and curative powers of Mesmerism*, although Dr. Simpson, one of the editors, had asked me to write it for the journal. I printed the rejected article, and dedicated it to the medical profession, and this elicited such an expression of feeling from various quarters, that the more liberal editors soon after felt themselves compelled to print a long paper by Mr. Braid on the *Curative powers of Hypnotism*. The only difference in our two articles was in the name; and, if I had known that *Mesmerism* was such a word of fear to an Edinburgh editor's ear, I would have changed the title of my paper to *The anæsthetic and curative effects of the Unknown Power*; being perfectly indifferent to what it was called, provided they would allow people to be benefited by it. The publication of Mr. Braid's paper gave mortal offence to some of the *ultra* obstructive editors, and both parties took to abusing each other virulently in their own journal. The quarrel has ended in a dissolution of partnership, it seems, and the assumption of the editorial dignity by the offending and too liberal (though anti-mesmeric) Dr. Bennett, who thus delivers himself in his last number, when speaking of the hypnotic and mesmeric phenomena. “It is surely incumbent upon medical practitioners to be as conversant with the subject as the well-informed patients they have to converse with. Above all, it is their duty to relieve pain, and cure diseases, and, if it can be shewn that this or that method of treatment can effect the one and accomplish the other, they are bound to give it a fair trial.” This is just what you have been preaching for the last twenty-five years, but, thank God!

we are all of one mind now. "Je suis Français,—vous êtes Français,—nous sommes Français,—embrassons nous, cher Docteur Bennett."

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES ESDAILE.

Fairmount, Perth, Dec. 16th, 1853.

VI. Review of "*Human Electricity: the means of its development, illustrated by experiments.*" By J. O. N. Rutter, F.R.A.S." By PHILALETES.

"Je me convainquis, avec autant de certitude que de surprise, que si quelquefois les savans ont moins de préjugés que les autres hommes, ils tiennent, en revanche, encore plus fortement à ceux qu'ils ont."*—ROUSSEAU, *Confessions*, vol. ii., p. 16.

"It has not been uncommon presumptuously to depreciate investigations arbitrarily characterized as 'purely theoretic,' forgetting that in the observation of a phenomenon, which shall, at first sight, appear isolated, may be concealed the germ of a great discovery."—HUMBOLDT'S *Cosmos*, vol. i., p. 36.

THE tone and spirit in which this book is written are admirable. There is a perfect absence of everything that could offend or generate an angry incredulity. Mr. Rutter simply offers a lucid exposition of his facts, leaving them, if it may be so said, to tell their own tale, and adding himself but few comments upon them, from the evident consciousness that sooner or later they must make their way with the public. And yet few men have been more unfairly treated than he has been. His statements have been misrepresented, and his experiments explained away, by those who have neither examined nor even seen his instruments and their operations; and some, who have seen them, have not allowed themselves the time for a fitting observation. But this unworthy treatment of himself and this neglect of the proper scientific conditions have not ruffled the philosophic temper of our author. He refers, indeed, to the arguments which have been employed against him, but in no disputatious or offended tone; to the assumptions of his sceptics he replies by fact; to their theories he opposes fresh phenomena. Whether those phenomena and facts will bear the test of further examination, time will shew. To some persons, and to no one more than to the writer of this article, they appear demonstrably esta-

* "I became convinced, with as much certainty as surprise, that, if sometimes the learned have fewer prejudices than other men, they, in return, cling with greater tenacity to those they have."

blished ; to others the proof may yet remain inadequate ; but, whatever differences of opinion may still obtain as to the facts themselves, there can be no question that the book in which they are narrated invites perusal by the information which it conveys and the pleasant style in which it is put together.

Mr. Rutter is evidently a master of his subject. His scientific knowledge is considerable. This appears, not so much, indeed, by what he actually states, as from that which he incidentally lets fall from his pen. He has, we can see plainly enough, passed through a long novitiate of careful experimental observation ; and his qualifications, therefore, for being heard as a witness upon philosophic questions, are of the highest order. And yet, as is most generally the case with the real man of science, nothing can be more marked than the humility with which he expresses himself. He calls himself but a learner,—“a learner,” he adds, “for nearly forty years.”

“This book, he says, “is not intended for scientific readers. It contains very little which is not, or which ought not to be, known and easily understood, by those who make any reasonable pretensions to the study of natural philosophy ; especially that interesting, just now increasingly interesting, part of experimental investigation included under the comprehensive term—ELECTRICITY. It is possible that some few things in the following pages may be the means of suggesting an occasional thought, or of giving a different direction to those which already exist ; so that by turning old thoughts into new channels, the lines of divergence may be somewhat multiplied and perhaps greatly extended : whilst the common centre remains undisturbed.”

Again, he says :—

“Nothing new or extraordinary is promised. All that is intended, or that will be attempted, is to put together, it is hoped in a readable form, some curious, isolated, and, to some persons, probably unknown, facts relating to a subject which is not now for the first time attracting attention. . . . The difficulties, be their nature what it may, are not of my making. What some consider difficult is to me perfectly easy. Without any fanciful theory of my own to establish, my chief concern has been to make sure of the facts. These are plain and intelligible. *A great deal more, undoubtedly, remains to be done ;* but I see no necessity for being in a hurry.”—p. 5.

To a few of our readers, perhaps, Mr. Rutter's name, and the curious experiments which have been associated with it, may be but slightly or not at all known. It may, therefore, be convenient, if we offer a brief *resumé* of certain facts con-

nected with the subject. The nature of the present publication will by that means be better understood.

It has been alleged, for very many years, that, if a gold ring were suspended by a thread of about 8 inches long, which should be held between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, very curious oscillations would result. In many cases, if held steadily, the ring, it was said, would begin to oscillate like a pendulum, and in a direction to and from the operator. The experiment was regarded as being rather childish—and was only introduced into a drawing room for amusement. In 1851, however, the subject assumed a more formal shape. In *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal* for March of that year, there appeared an account of certain experiments which had been shewn to Dr. Herbert Mayo by Herr Caspari. Mr. Rutter, of Black Rock, Brighton, having had his attention directed towards them, delivered a lecture upon these alleged facts, calling them "certain electrical phenomena in connexion with human physiology," and added also several illustrations, devised by himself, and which had not occurred to other operators. He soon became persuaded that the oscillations were not the effect of accident, and that the subject was not one of mere curiosity. Some great truth lay concealed at the bottom. Accordingly as the operator's hand was touched by a man or a woman, so would the ring rotate in opposite directions. Now what was the cause of this, for the oscillation appeared to be a real physical phenomenon? Suggestion was the answer, or rather unintentional direction on the part of the operator. Mr. Rutter doubted this; and therefore invented an instrument, to which he gave the name of Magnetoscope, by which he hoped to reduce the experiment to scientific precision. He considered that these movements, varying as they did in singular diversity according to the respective conditions, were dependent on what is analogous to magnetic or electric currents or influences; and he shortly afterwards published a small pamphlet, called *Magnetoid Currents, their forces and directions*, in which he gave a copious description of his own experiments, and the phenomena attendant upon them. An observation of the requisite conditions, he there said, was most essential. A little practice gave great command to the hand.

"A careful operator, with a steady hand, could always perform the experiments to his own satisfaction. There is a consciousness that the motions are involuntary, that is, perfectly independent of the hand as regards their directions." (p. 8.) "Other conditions being the same, each hand of both sexes is capable of producing the same kind of motions. There is, however, a deficiency of power in

the left hand. All persons do not possess the power in an equal degree; and *there are some who appear to be entirely without it.* It varies in the same person at different times, and seems to be closely connected with health; the effects of medicine, of anxiety, and of fatigue being easily discernible," &c. (p. 9.)

In short, great diversity of experiments was mentioned, which varied with various conditions: and the inevitable conclusion from the whole was (supposing these several experiments to be real and to be scientifically established) that something of a material character (called by certain writers a magnetic aura) did emanate from the human body, and did produce effects analogous to some that resulted from magnetic or electric influences.

The sensation produced by this pamphlet and by the experiments at Brighton was great. Considerable attention was paid to them for a time, and considerable opposition was consequently raised up to prevent their reception. We shall not disgust our readers with any narrative of the odious falsehoods and scurrility with which these purely scientific questions were assailed. It is sufficient to say that the sceptics presented their different explanations. The favourite hypothesis was of course that of mental expectation. It was alleged that the motion of the hand and the unconscious disposition of the mind were sufficient to cause the vibrations: that the apparatus was so arranged that the greatest sensible effect was produced by the smallest amount of imparted motion: and that dominant ideas directed the oscillations under the guidance of the muscles and of the visual sense.

It is, then, to establish the truthfulness of his own experiments, and to give still further information on the subject, that Mr. Rutter publishes his present work.

"Animal electricity in general," he says in his Preface, "and human electricity in particular, are established facts, as easily proved as that air and food and water are necessary to the sustentation of life. . . . I believe electricity to be operating within and around us, and exercising a powerful influence over our capabilities." "And my desire is to give such a connected view of the various branches of electricity, magnetism, and electro-magnetism, as shall enable the reader to understand their relations, and especially to judge correctly of some of the electrical phenomena of the human body." (Appendix, p. 35.)

The two first chapters contain sundry explanations which are needful to the general reader, with a description of what is meant by animal electricity. A good deal of scientific instruction is here conveyed in popular and intelligible lan-

gnage, forming a judicious introduction to the demonstrations which follow next.

The third chapter illustrates the fact of the human body being electrical. Much curious information is here given,—but we have only room for a few extracts of obvious interest to those who study *The Zoist* and the effects of mesmerism.

“There seems to be something due (in the success of an experiment) to constitutional habits and temperament; so that in one person electricity is freely elicited, whilst in another, scarcely any evidence of it can be obtained.” (p. 34.)

“Equally interesting will be the examination of the electrical conditions of different persons and of the same persons at different times; bearing in mind that such experiments should, as far as practicable, be always conducted in the same room and under the same circumstances.” (p. 36.)

“There appear to be differences in the electrical habits of individuals, equally great as in their stature, complexion, colour of eyes, hair, and other peculiarities. It has been mentioned that when all conditions are, as nearly as possible, alike, there are some persons who can produce scarcely any sensible electrical effects by the friction of wax or glass.” (p. 42.)

“This (experiment) favours the opinion that the living organism is a source of electricity; that it is generated within the body, and is therefore a condition essential to healthful action among its several parts; its proper development being more closely bound up with our sensations and emotions, than ever we may have suspected. . . . It must be concluded that all substances, animate and inanimate, contain electricity. It is, in the largest sense of the term, an universal agent, occupying all the space in which we are immediately interested.” (p. 46)

The 4th, 5th, and 6th chapters relate to Magnetism, to Electro-Magnetism, and to Muscular and Nervous Electrical Currents. The connexion between some of these subjects and human electricity may not at first be very apparent: but the author shews that, without a correct notion of magnetism and of electro-magnetism, the most remarkable developments of electricity by the human body would be unintelligible. He gives us, therefore, a copious collection of facts and experiments, illustrating the subject, and forming, as it were, a foundation upon which he builds up his subsequent statements. The nature of our pages will not allow us to do more than recommend the reader to study these chapters carefully.

“Whatever,” says Mr. Rutter, “may be the identities or the diversities of electricity and magnetism, if they be one in principle whilst various in their manifestations, we have no difficulty in recognizing proofs of earnest coöperation. Thankful ought we to be that

we know and are able to do so much. Our knowledge or ignorance has much to do with our weal or woe."

In chapter vii. we arrive at the description of a new, a most important, and most ingenious instrument, which by its operations corroborates the fact, that there does exist a human electrical current. This instrument is called a Galvanoscope. If we attempted to offer a brief description of the apparatus, our description would be unintelligible, and for a fuller delineation we have really not the space. Let it be sufficient to say, that, by the hands of the operator being placed in two basins of water, in which are deposited two platinum plates connected by copper wires with a stand upon which a magnet is supported horizontally, an index is made to move. It should be said that the hands of the operator do not come in contact with the platinum or the wire, but are simply placed in the same basins with them. The effects are most striking and yet of the simplest character: but our columns can only afford room for a few of the author's remarks.

"Here is galvanic electricity eliminated by the muscles and nerves of the living body. Call it chemical, or animal or vital electricity, or by any other name we may choose, and all we do is to make distinctions where it is very difficult to detect any differences. . . . But it is not the *quantity* or *force* of the current in the living organism which is the chief object of our search. We want to know *if there be in the human body any electricity*, and if so, how it manifests itself, and whether its properties, so far as our instruments will enable us to examine them, are like or similar to those exhibited by the electricity of inorganic substances. Here is the proof; for which we have to thank the phenomena of electro-magnetism.

"The experiment with the galvanoscope, proving the existence of an electrical current, which manifests itself by the forcible contraction of the muscles of the hands and arms, has been repeated a great number of times by myself and other members of my family, and in my presence, by more than a hundred and sixty other persons. . . . There is no evidence, in anything I have witnessed, that the difference in the force of the current, as shewn by different persons, is any test of strength or muscular power. On the contrary, it has been found that persons possessing the greatest amount of muscle, both men and women, provided they be in good health, almost always manifest less electrical power as shewn in this way, than do others who have weaker bodies, but who seem to have a larger share of nervous sensibility. . . . From a great number of observations, on myself and others, I am led to believe that a healthy and vigorous person is unable to develop the electrical current as freely and forcibly as another with some accidental or con-

stitutional defect, even when it may not be sufficient to occasion pain, or other symptoms of ill health. Quite as much appears to depend upon the nerves as the muscles. . . . It may be that nerves are more sensitive conductors in some persons than in others, and in the same person, according to the state of health, at one time than another. . . . The galvanoscope is an exceedingly sensitive electrical apparatus. Taking into account the quickness with which it can be used, and the little risk there is of putting it out of order, it is perhaps more sensitive than any instrument previously made." (pp. 123—131.)

We cannot but compliment Mr. Rutter upon the ability which he has shewn in the construction and arrangement of this apparatus, and upon the patience and care which he has also exhibited in the prosecution of his experiments. The galvanoscope presents valuable corroborative testimony in regard to the truth of sundry physiological facts, and we have reason to thank our author for his coöperation and support.

Chapter the 8th contains a description of "Magnetoid Currents," (such as was given more at length in the original pamphlet by Mr. R.,) with the addition of some fresh and very important facts. These facts include, as it were, a reply to the objections of the unbeliever. There is also in the Appendix* an answer to the article in the *Quarterly Review* that discussed the subject in so superficial a mode. We will examine the two together, falling, as they both do, under one head; and we shall be curious to see what efficient answer will be now attempted in reply to Mr. Rutter. It will be remembered that the objectors contended that the motions of the pendulum were produced by "pulsation," by "mechanical force," by "expectant attention," or the "will." It had also been said that the immobility of the magnetoscope was a necessary condition on Mr. Rutter's part, but that experience had proved that the pendulum could be made to vibrate. To this Mr. Rutter in the first place replies, that the—

"Immobility of the magnetoscope had never been insisted upon or even hinted at by him, as a necessary condition; and that he never attempted to make it immovable, because it is impossible to do so. That the pendulum can be moved *intentionally* in various directions, no one would ever think of denying. But though this is

* We take this opportunity of observing that there is a great deal of useful and curious matter in the Notes of the Appendix. The student in natural philosophy will find historical information, pleasantly given, respecting Galvani, Gilbert, Volta, Oersted, &c.; whilst for those who are more advanced in science there are some singular extracts from the *Philosophical Transactions*, &c.

said to be so easy, it had never been done in his presence, by the most skilful manipulators, without being instantly detected; as it has also been by other observers as quickly as by himself."

But, asks Mr. Rutter, if "definite movements" are so easily produced, either intentionally or involuntarily, that is, by expectant attention influencing the muscles, how will the following questions be answered? As these questions enter into the very pith and substance of the argument, we will place them *seriatim* before the reader for his careful consideration.*

I. If these movements are so easily made, how is it that all who try to produce them, do not succeed? It is found in actual practice that, comparatively, a very small number only are able to produce these movements; and that others, many of whom are particularly anxious to do so, invariably fail. And, even among those who possess the power, there are differences in degree. There are differences in the same person at different periods, even of the same day, and which seem to be connected with the state of health, with the use of certain kinds of food, and with the effects of anxiety or of fatigue. How then is this, if the movements be so readily produced?

II. How is it that the movements or vibrations of the pendulum are brought so quickly to a *dead stop*? Is there a new law discovered in mechanical forces by which this is accomplished? or is the conducting power of the magnetoscope arrested, and are the currents checked? It is found that, if a *piece of ivory*† be held in the *left hand* of the operator, the motion of the pendulum will cease. This is a remarkable phenomenon. When the pendulum has acquired a certain momentum, either rotatory or oscillatory, if *left to itself*, it will occupy *seven or ten minutes* in coming to what might be considered a state of rest. If a piece of ivory be placed in the left hand of the operator, the pendulum is brought to a rest "in from *five to twenty seconds*." By what law is this effected?

III. Why does the pendulum move only in such a small number of directions, and, the conditions being the same, *always in the same directions*? An objector, who attempts to accomplish this, cannot effect a movement without being

* In reply, too, to an objection about the magnetoscope being constructed so as to produce the greatest effect by the smallest motion, Mr. R. mentions that other forms of apparatus have been made, in which the results are precisely the same.

† A feather, a dead fly, or a bone will equally bring the pendulum to a state of rest.

detected: how then is this uniformity of movements explained? The reader is referred to the eighth chapter, where a series of experiments, illustrative of this fact, is given.

IV. Why is Mr. Rutter able (and he has never failed, he says) to influence the magnetoscope through the hand of another person, and to produce precisely the same results as when his own thumb and finger are in contact with the instrument?

V. How does a crystal of quartz produce *specific* motions of the pendulum, *when the hand of the operator touches the crystal only*, and not the instrument? This is an important question, and refers to a fresh fact. If a crystal, held steadily between the thumb and finger of the right hand of the operator, be placed against the brass cap of the magnetoscope, certain definite motions of the pendulum will be produced. How is this explained? The hand of the operator is not placed on the brass cap, so as to secure a particular movement,—but a piece of quartz intervenes. Can this piece of quartz obtain a specific vibration,—or is it an auxiliary conductor of an electrical current?

VI. Mr. Rutter asks, in the last place, how is it that precisely *the same motions* are produced, when neither the crystal nor the hand of the operator *are in contact* with the magnetoscope? Mr. R. asserts that the power of a crystal is further shewn by placing it on a stand, entirely detached from the table which supports the magnetoscope, and in such a manner that it *shall only be very near to, but not in actual contact with*, the brass cap of the instrument. In this position, if the right hand of the operator be laid upon the crystal, whilst the pendulum is perfectly at rest, it will soon begin to move in one of the directions already indicated, according to the part of the crystal that is directed towards the instrument. If this fact be established, its importance is great: but we have seen nothing of it ourselves. At the same time we know that Mr. R. is a most conscientious and careful experimenter: and he himself adds that “these last-mentioned experiments require great care, quietness, and attention.” We shall be glad to learn that other experimenters have produced the same effects.

“Whatever,” says our author towards the close of the eighth chapter, “be the cause of the various motions of the pendulum, it is sufficient to have described some of the results of my own experience. Whether the motions be entirely electrical, or whether they be of a mixed character, partly dependent on vitality and partly on electricity, and which cannot be disassociated, is more than I will undertake to decide.”

We cannot venture to follow our author through the interesting subjects which he raises in his last chapter; but we will present one important deduction, which he derives from the data and facts established in his preceding pages.

"That man possesses inherent electricity which is generated, not derived, and that it manifests itself in both forms, common and galvanic."

To this deduction he adds these queries:—

"If electro-magnetism be a constant attendant upon electricity, are there not magnetic, as well as electric, currents always circulating in the human body? And if so, were some of the old writers very far wrong in their curious guesses about animal magnetism? Instead of some, and only a comparatively small number of, persons being sensitive to magnetism, is it not more wonderful that the number so affected is not greater?"

"Electricity being so closely associated with vitality, is it not probable that it exercises a powerful influence over the operations of mind? May not the brain* be like a central telegraph-station—a medium of communication between the mental and the corporeal?"

In the additional Notes of the Appendix there are one or two remarks introduced, which we shall be glad to quote, or corroborate by a few observations of our own.

In a useful note upon mesmerism, our author explains how the term *magnetism* became first applied to the treatment; because, as he observes, the phrase is apt to mislead those who are not acquainted with its origin. The influence of the loadstone, or of artificial magnets,† was generally supposed to pervade all substances and every form of animated being. The effects of magnetism on persons of peculiar temperament had been noticed long before the discovery of the more remarkable phenomena produced by the influence which, under certain conditions, one living being exercises over another. The first-mentioned phenomena, *i. e.*, those induced by artificial magnets, when exhibited in *animated* beings, were attributed to what was then called *animal* magnetism, to distinguish it from *mineral* and *vegetable* magnetism. After magnets ceased to be thus used, or rather were very rarely so employed, the name was retained, because it was believed that the effects of ordinary magnetism on sensitive

* In one of the Notes of the Appendix is the following most suggestive remark:—"I believe that there is in every human being a force which is very much under the control of the mind, and associated with the *action of the brain*, which in some respects resembles electric and electro-magnetic forces, *by operating at a distance, and passing through all kinds of interposed media.*"

† Schiller speaks of "*der Magnete hassen und lieben*,"—the antipathies and sympathies of the magnets.

persons were identical with those produced by the manipulatory processes invented by Mesmer. "But," adds Mr. Rutter, with the judicious reserve of a true man of science, not hastening beyond that which he can demonstrably prove,

"The most that with certainty can be said, on a subject so imperfectly understood, is this:—in mesmeric phenomena there are undoubtedly some remarkable analogies and resemblances to magnetism, or perhaps more strictly speaking, to electro-magnetism. These, however, are too feeble in their action, too quick in their movements, too delicate in their indications, to be examined by ordinary rules, or measured by any known instruments. Judged by their effects, they are not deficient in energy or activity; but it is the energy of a ray of light in painting a portrait, and the activity of a galvanic current in a telegraphic wire. In photography and in telegraphy we know that some unseen and powerful agent has been present with us; but this we know only by reason of its having done the work we had assigned it. So is it in the phenomena of mesmerism. They manifest themselves by their effects. We must be content, for the present, to confess that very little is known about their cause."

The illustration in the above passage strikes us as being very happy and correct; and the cautious language at the end is exactly what we approve. In fact, *The Zoist* has always discouraged the use of the term "animal magnetism," as being in itself the postulate of a theory, which, though built on most plausible data, is at present very far removed from being established. The name "mesmerism" carries with it no such inference, and is moreover an appropriate compliment to the memory of one most unjustly traduced in his lifetime.

In the same note there are some excellent remarks in regard to the firm hold which many old errors have taken in popular estimation. To a superficial observer nothing seems casier than to abolish such errors by a blow,—but they are not to be dealt with thus summarily.

"Taking any one of what are called popular superstitions, we shall be sure to discover in it a firm underlaying stratum of truth. There may be more than we suspected of folly and of fancy; but when these are stripped off, there remains quite enough to puzzle the learned. Underneath a great deal of absurdity something really valuable is often concealed. It is much easier to prove that, than to explain how it came there."

It is greatly to be wished that opinions like these were more generally remembered and acted upon. Much odious misrepresentation and calumny would be thereby often spared. Even philosophers, who lecture at the Royal Institution, might profit by the instruction, and platform-polemics nearly

as much as the philosophers. We recollect with some satisfaction that Mr. Sandby in his work on mesmerism has devoted one very useful chapter to an examination of this topic.

"Whatever accumulation of falsehood has been superadded in the progress, the original fact, from which the pretended miracle (or popular superstition, as Mr. R. calls it) has taken its rise, has in general been a genuine and undoubted occurrence, for which a natural or secondary cause may be discovered. . . . Oftentimes the whole transaction has seemed, on mesmeric principles, nothing but a probable and natural chain of facts, and a charge of imposition would be wanton and unphilosophical."*

Justly therefore does Mr. R. remark, that it well deserves the attention of the philosopher, the physician, and the divine, each in his department, to separate the true from the false in matters of belief. A too palpable truism! and why the work is not oftener attempted, can only arise from the ignorance of the instructors themselves, or from the interest that they respectively feel in keeping up the delusion.

Certainly, after all that has been written upon it, we had hoped that the phantom of Satanic agency had been sufficiently exorcised, especially in regard to matters of a purely physical nature. Mr. Rutter apparently thinks otherwise; for he has introduced a few strictures on the subject. There is not, however, much that is new to be said about it: but we met the other day in Humboldt's *Cosmos* so very appropriate a passage, that we venture to transcribe part of it for the reader's instruction.

"We find amongst the most *savage* nations a secret and terror-mingled presentiment of the unity of natural forces, blending with the dim perception of an invisible and spiritual essence manifesting itself through these forces: . . . amongst nations *least advanced in civilization*, the imagination delights in strange and fantastic creations; . . . instead of examining, men content themselves with conjecturing, dogmatizing and interpreting supposed facts which have never been observed."†

Humboldt then, in this passage, appears to be of opinion that the propensity to discover Satanic interference in whatever may be at variance with our ordinary experience arises from a semi-civilized condition of mind. The brain of the man who is thus panic-stricken, is evidently in an unhealthy or rather untutored state; and a remnant of the savage yet

* See chapter vii. of Sandby's *Mesmerism and its Opponents*, especially the cases of the Tyrolese Ecstasies, Maria Mori, and the Addolorata; and those of the Shepherdess of Cret, of the Bohemian Prophetess, of the Wesleyan Prophetess, and of the Witch of Paris.

† *Cosmos*, vol. i., p. 16.

adheres to him. He may indeed have passed through a certain curriculum of study at Oxford or Cambridge, and been crammed with the customary allotment of patristic and classic lore: but this by itself does not constitute education; for the tendencies of the wild man may yet be lurking in his organization uneradicated. This is what we may fairly infer from Humboldt's language: and really there is a good deal of propriety in the notion. Let us examine, for instance, the amusing account which appeared in the last number of *The Zoist* of the Anti-Satanic Meeting that was held at the Hanover Square Rooms, and of the unexpected way in which Mr. Nottage dispersed the half-civilized faction. A combination of fiery fanatics had met together to anathematize clairvoyance and table-moving; there they stood, raving and raging in the fiercest strains of pseudo-religious fervour, fulminating the most awful denunciations against those who differed from them, and adjuring Antichrist and Satan to go out from among them and leave the tables alone; when suddenly Mr. Nottage presents himself, and in his usual clear and intelligent way proposes to offer a few words. Terrified, as it were, at the prospect of too much light being let in upon them, the exorcists rise up together in holy wrath, thunder forth a short psalm at their very loudest pitch, and then rapidly make their exit out of the room by a back door! Did any body ever hear of a more ludicrous termination to a religious assembly! I can never read the account, but, bearing Humboldt's comments respecting uncivilized man in mind, I am driven to compare the above scene to an incident that Defoe mentions in his popular work. It will be remembered that some savages from a neighbouring island had landed near Crusoe's dwelling for the purpose of burning and eating poor Friday: there they were dancing round the victim with hideous contortions, and shouting forth incantations with a hungry zeal, when, on the appearance of the hero of the tale, like some being of a superior nature, the disappointed cannibals rushed to their canoes, howling in anger to their gods! Exactly similar was the result when Mr. Nottage,

" Like an eagle in a dove-cote,
Fluttered the Volscians at Corioli :"

There was on their part the same savage appetite for burning and devouring mesmerisers and table-movers; there was the same semblance of sacred zeal in the blasphemous maledictions with which they denounced their intended victims: but, in a moment, a few plain words of good sense silenced their impieties, and acted like a charm; for out of the room fled

Messieurs Godfrey, Dibdin, Gillson, and Company, precisely like their sable-skinned brotherhood of the western hemisphere.

In regard, indeed, to table-moving itself, Mr. Rutter asks, is it a delusion, or is it a physical phenomenon, the cause of which is at present unknown? He thinks, like ourselves, that it is extremely difficult to understand how a table, which requires the united strength of two persons to move it only a few inches, can by a different process, that is, if the same persons touch it gently with the tips of their fingers, be moved several feet at a time.

"A recent attempt to prove that table-moving is the result of involuntary muscular force, by one (Professor Faraday) whose opinion on many other subjects is entitled to the utmost respect, is very generally acknowledged to have been unsuccessful. Neither the arguments nor the apparatus have settled the question." (Appendix, p. 51.)

We quite agree with our author, and we have also thought in addition, that Professor Faraday ought to have been the last person to call these phenomena in question, since his own induced currents of electricity shew the *probability that all terrestrial substances are capable of assuming transitory magnetic relations*. The Professor has moreover himself said, that the "more he studies the subject, the more convinced he is of his own total ignorance of the nature of electricity." This was very becoming language on his part: and we can only regret that he should have lost sight of it, when in his letter to the *Athenæum* respecting muscular movements, he should have spoken with such overweening self-satisfaction respecting the ignorance of others. If so many believe that table-moving may be effected, either wholly or in part, by the agency of electricity, it is, perhaps, because Professor Faraday's own lectures have "educated" us into the notion that electrical action is so universally diffused and so little understood.

In conclusion, then, we can honestly say, that we have perused Mr. Rutter's book with considerable satisfaction, and that we strongly recommend it to all who feel interest in the subject. But still more do we urge those, whose leisure may tempt them to visit Brighton, to call upon the intelligent author, and ask permission to see him repeat his experiments. It should, however, be said that Mr. R. is engaged in important avocations, and that his time is valuable: still he has always been ready to receive a conscientious inquirer with kindness and urbanity, and to devote himself with much

patience to an explanation of his apparatus. The *oculis subjecta fidelibus* will be of immense value in this instance.

We cannot close without making one general remark. The course of time has recently brought to our notice a series of phenomena, perfectly independent one of the other, having no connexion whatever in their origin, but all converging to one point, and all establishing the reality of some material emanation, or influence, or fluid, proceeding from the human body. Call it electric, magnetic, mesmeric, od, or what you will, the fact remains that something of some kind or other, imponderable, invisible,—but of active, and occasionally of powerful, effect, is transmitted from our animal frame.

I. There are those facts in mesmerism in which imagination can play no part, and which have been especially mentioned in Dr. Esdaile's last work, in Professor Gregory's Letter on the Theory of Imagination (*Zoist*, No. XXXVII.), in Mr. Sandby's review of Sir Henry Holland's book (*Zoist*, No. XL.), and in sundry other papers in this periodical.

II. There are Reichenbach's curious, and also carefully noted, experiments with his different sensitives, which have been published in his larger work, translated by Dr. Gregory and Dr. Ashburner, and again in Professor Gregory's three valuable contributions to the Eleventh Volume of *The Zoist*.

III. There are the singular facts of table-turning and hat-moving, even after liberal deductions are made for erroneous experiments.

IV. There are the phenomena produced by the galvanoscope and magnetoscope of Mr. Rutter.

Here, we repeat it, are these four perfectly independent, yet strongly connected facts, all tending and conducting to one common conclusion. Why, then, are they not accepted? To attribute them *all* to the miraculous powers of "suggestion," "expectant attention," or "dominant ideas," seems to be as unphilosophical as it is absurd. Rather should we say with Humboldt, in the second motto prefixed to this paper, that we see in this singular combination of accordant but distinct phenomena, "the germ of a great discovery concealed." But again we ask, why are they not studied, and admitted by the scientific magnates of the day? Much has been written respecting the latent causes of this incredulity, and of the disposition to depreciate our various phenomena: but we believe that Jean Jacques in his *Confessions* has, after all, come nearest to the truth. The *savans*, he says, make atonement for their freedom from the prejudices by which other men are swayed, by clinging with greater tenacity to those they themselves hold. This we believe to be the fact:

and thus, by a happy compensation, common mortals like ourselves are placed nearly upon a level with the popes and potentates of science. Such a doctrine, of course, is humiliating to them, but most consolatory to us: it proves that there is good in everything: and that even the follies of the wise with their prejudices and blunders are not without their use.

PHILALETHES.

VII. *Cure of a very large Ganglion on the knee, thigh, and leg, by Mr. Capern, of St. John's Wood: and of a smaller Ganglion on the back of the hand, by Mr. William Lloyd, of the Society of Friends, Fulford, near York. Communicated by Dr. Elliotson.*

"Evidence of the most satisfactory character is next adduced to prove that it was a case of genuine cancer; and testimony equally satisfactory is advanced five years afterwards, to prove that the cancerous tumor had disappeared, and that the patient had been restored to health. But, to represent that the disease was cured by mesmerism or the passes of the hand over the part, as practised by Dr. Elliotson, and mesmerists in general, is to me truly marvellous. Seeing that, during the period the patient was under this treatment, it is mentioned, though but incidentally, as of no importance—so blind are men when under some favourite delusion—that the patient suffered by four several attacks of inflammation of the lungs and pleura; and which, with one exception, are all distinctly represented to have been successfully treated by bleeding and blistering: and as the exhibition of calomel to the extent of four doses is also mentioned in the treatment of the first case, it is fair to conclude, as this forms a part of the ordinary treatment of such cases, that it was employed in the treatment of the others also. Surely no person but a mesmerist could have failed to perceive, that in a disease purely of the blood, like cancer, thus withdrawing a quantity of the diseased blood, and in no sparing way, as it is mentioned that the patient was in the first instance bled to faintness, and drawing off some of the corrupted humours by blistering, and exciting at the same time the liver and purifying organs of the body by calomel, must have had something to do with the patient's recovery! And further, if in possession of a small amount of medical knowledge, such a person could not fail to notice, that these were the appropriate remedies for a painful tumor, whether seated in the breast or elsewhere. And he might further be disposed to concur with me in opinion, that these were the only really efficient means pursued on the occasion. Although he might not agree with me as the patient's hands and complexion had become *sallow* for some months before the attack,—(at least I infer so, seeing that it is mentioned that these symptoms, of a disordered liver, had existed for *many months*.) that these symptoms might stand, by virtue of the impurity of the blood which would ensue as a consequence of such disorder of the liver, in the character of a cause of the cancerous affection which subsequently occurred; or if not its cause absolutely, be otherwise intimately associated with its occurrence." (p. 70.)

"Its unfortunate sufferers are not to be condemned to the tender mercies of the charlatan, who may profess to cure the disease by poisoning him with arsenic or santonine; nor to the *frivolity of the mesmerist*, who, if he do not kill the patient by poison, allows the disease to run its destructive career under the delusive hope of success in a treatment in which there can be no hope, to the neglect of those timely and more rational means, which every person of common sense

cannot by this time fail to perceive, consists, in divesting the blood of its cancerous impurities, and altering and improving its condition, and that of the general health."—"The Liver, the great purifying organ of the body, its importance to health; and the extreme frequency of its disorder: with the numerous derangements, both nervous and dyspeptic, its disorder gives rise to, fully explained, and their treatment. To which are added some observations on the cause and cure of Cancer. By Charles Searle, M.D., M.R.C.S.E., late of the E. I. C. Madras Establishment, and author of"—(nobody knows how many celebrated works). p. 74.

EVERY person knows that in joints there is a thick smooth fluid to facilitate the play of the bones upon each other. There are likewise scattered over the body little bags containing the same kind of fluid, lying chiefly under the leaders or tendons of the muscles, to facilitate, like friction wheels, the play of these chords. Their scientific name is *bursæ mucosæ*, or mucous bags. The fluid is called *synovia* by the learned, and joint-oil by the unlearned. It is not oil, but resembles white of egg. It is liable to accumulate in excess in both joints and *bursæ mucosæ* from any cause of irritation: and the irritation which produces the accumulation may amount to inflammation, or not rise near to this point or give any pain at all. Sudden cold, sudden mechanical violence, as a fall, a blow, a sprain; or slow mechanical injury, as continued or frequent pressure, causes it. It accumulates in the joints occasionally from merely an unhealthy disposition or damp situation. When the accumulation is in these bags, not in the joints, the distended bag is called a ganglion. Maid-servants frequently have one upon the knee from the circumstance of kneeling so much in scouring and thus irritating a large bursa situated there. Occasionally the bag inflames and matter is generated within it: occasionally the contents become solidified.

The common treatment is to bind something tight upon the part—to rub up and down upon it and round about it with liniments of all sorts, even with mercurial ointment, ointment of iodine or iodide of potassium or of both—to blister again and again—or to apply very irritating things after a blister and thus keep open a raw discharging surface—to puncture the swelling, or to strike it violently in the hope of bursting it under the skin, and then bind something tight upon it—to put in a seton—to cut the ganglion out—positively to amputate the limb. Some of these measures cause extreme suffering, and have occasionally excited violent inflammation and even ruined a joint, rendered amputation necessary, or absolutely destroyed life.

In the *Medical Times* for March 27, 1852, are the following cases:—

"LONDON HOSPITAL.

"By NATHANIEL WARD, Esq., F.R.C.S.

"Enlarged Bursa over the right and left Patella removed by excision.

"A baker's wife, stout and fat, about 40 years old, came under my care, suffering considerable inconvenience from enlargement of the bursa over the right and left patella (knee-cap). The left bursa was larger than any I have had an opportunity of seeing. It measured round the base 12 inches; was prominent from the surface of the limb about 4 inches; contained a large quantity of fluid; was unadherent to the skin, the surface of which was red and inflamed, and very thin over the centre of the cyst. The patella could not be isolated from the bursa, but was overlapped by it, and apparently imbedded in its substance at the back part. There were considerable pain and tenderness on pressure; in fact, about three or four weeks before her admission, a severe attack of inflammation had come on in the bursa without any perceptible cause, leading to an increase in its volume. Prior to this attack she had never had any pain in it, and it had been gradually increasing for four or five years, the time that she first directed her attention to it.

"The bursa over the right patella measured round its base seven inches, was prominent from the surface to the extent of three inches, felt more dense than the left, but was adherent in a similar manner to the patella behind, overlapping its circumference. No symptoms of acute inflammation had at any time supervened in it. The walls felt very dense and no fluctuation was sensible to the touch. It had been observed growing about the same time as the left; and the woman before her marriage, about a year prior to admission into the hospital, had been a housemaid, and had had a great deal of kneeling.

"The patient was put on the middle diet of the hospital, and the left limb was placed on an inclined plane, and cold lotions kept constantly applied. A purgative was occasionally administered. This treatment was continued for nine days, at the end of which time the acute inflammation had subsided, accompanied with a slight diminution in the volume of the tumor, and a cessation of pain and tenderness on pressure. *An incision of an elliptical form was then made over the centre of the tumor, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and the bursa carefully dissected away from the structures with which it was in connexion.* It was found, as had been anticipated, firmly adherent to the capsular ligament and the patella, but, by keeping the edge of the knife turned towards the cyst, no difficulty was experienced in removing the bursa entire; no vessel required a ligature. The wound was brought together by sutures, and the knee-joint covered over with strips of wet linen and oiled-silk over them, and a straight splint was applied at the back of the knee-joint, and kept in place by a turn or two of a wet roller. A full opiate was given after the operation, and the limb was placed on the inclined plane. The patient passed a restless night. The knee-joint was dressed on the following day with strips of linen and oiled silk, and covered

over with a many-tailed bandage, which was more easy of application than the roller, as it could be put on without any disturbance to the limb. The patient went on very well for a day or two, when she had a severe bilious attack, which subsided under treatment in a few days. On the fourteenth day she complained of tenderness at the inner part of the knee. In this situation the integument looked puffy and red, and, on making gentle pressure on it, pus oozed out from the middle of the wound. From this time to the twentieth day, gentle pressure by a dossil of lint under the wet strips of linen was made, with much relief to the pain originally complained of, and, on the twenty-fifth day after the removal of the bursa, the cicatrix was complete, and the parts surrounding it involved in the operation were sound. *Three days after this, the right knee was operated on; the patient, before being removed to the theatre, having had the left knee kept straight by a splint bound on behind, in order to prevent any straining of the cicatrix, which could not at present be considered very firm.* The bursa was removed in a similar manner as the left, and the same precautions were had recourse to, inasmuch as it was found similarly adherent to the patella. The cicatrix was completed in one month, the same local applications having been had recourse to." (p. 319.)

"Enlarged Bursa connected with the tendon of the semitendinosus.—Puncture.—Suppuration of the sac.—Cure.

"Case 2.—A boy, aged 8 years, came under my care on account of a tumor in the popliteal region. It was convex on the surface, and pushed backward the skin to the extent of three-quarters of an inch; it measured two inches from above downwards, and about an inch transversely. There was a slight horizontal constriction in the centre. It was firm, elastic, and yielding on pressure, and was somewhat oval in outline. When the thigh was flexed, the tendon of the semitendinosus could be felt gliding obliquely over it, along its inner and lower part. The development of the tumor could not be traced to a blow, or any unusual strain; and his mother had only accidentally noticed it three months before his coming to the hospital. It had gradually increased since that time, but its growth was unattended with pain. As the boy was attending as an out-patient, it was not deemed prudent to puncture it, but *powerful counter-irritants* were applied at intervals during a fortnight, *without any benefit.* He was admitted into the hospital. A grooved needle was passed into the tumor, and the contents of the cyst emptied by firm pressure. The contained fluid resembled that usually met with in the bursæ about the wrist, but was somewhat more dense, and of a yellowish tinge. Firm pressure was immediately made by a large dossil of lint and a bandage, and the limb was confined in a straight thigh-splint. On the second day, a good deal of fever had come on, and the boy was sick, and complained of headache and thirst. The back part of the leg was hot and tender to the touch. He was ordered saline medicine, and an occasional purgative; the bandage was taken off the limb, and the leg was dressed with wet rags and

oiled silk. On the ninth day, there was considerable swelling in the popliteal space, and the surface of the skin was hot, red, and tender. Fluctuation was distinct. A free opening was made, and gave vent to three ounces of pus, mixed with a little venous-looking blood. The abscess kept on discharging for thirteen days, when a piece of lint which had been kept in the opening could no longer be introduced. The patient shortly after left the hospital, the back of the leg and thigh being protected with soap plaster and a bandage.

"Bursa over the internal malleolus of the right foot.—Failure of puncture.—Excision.

"Case 3.—A boy, aged 11, came under my care with a bursa tumor as large as half a walnut, situated over the internal malleolus. He perceived, about four months ago, a small painless swelling, which he could not refer to any injury; it had gradually increased in size. It appeared to have no connexion with the tibialis anticus.

"It was punctured with an exploring needle. The cyst was found extremely dense; and about a drachm of clear limpid fluid escaped, which was much thinner than that usually contained in similar cysts. The escape of the fluid diminished the volume of tumor but little. A compress, secured by a bandage tightly applied round a leg splint, was placed over the ankle. Four days after the puncture, the bursa was quite as large as it was originally, was very moveable, and gave the idea of being but loosely connected with the surrounding parts. An incision was made over it, and the bursa fully exposed to view. It was found very firmly adherent to the internal malleolus; the anterior three-fourths were consequently only removed, and the remainder left in contact with the bone. The wound was brought together with sutures and strapping, and over this warm-water dressing, and a splint and bandage were applied. For two days succeeding the removal of the bursa *great pain* continued. The wound had cicatrized on the twentieth day by the granulation process." (pp. 319, 320.)

Mr. Capern has sent me the following account:—

Mr. Capern's cure of very large Ganglion of the knee.

Mrs. Julian, residing at No. 66, High Street, Marylebone, in the early part of November, 1851, began to feel considerable pain in her left knee, particularly after any exertion: and at the same time it gradually became swollen. Both the pain and swelling continued to increase, and in February she was unable to walk even across the street without great difficulty and suffering. She now called in Mr. Woolltorton, a surgeon, residing in Seymour Place, New Road, who gave her homœopathic medicines and applied poultices. Still the pain and swelling increased, and he therefore called in Mr. Walne, a surgeon, residing at No. 72, Guildford Street, Russell Square. This gentleman visited her three times, and



advised vapour baths. The vapour baths did no good—still the pain and swelling increased: and at his last visit Mr. Walne said *he should propose to cut it away, only that such an operation would prove fatal; and that her leg must be amputated.* Dr. Quin was then called in also. He agreed with Mr. Walne that *to cut it away would be dangerous, and that nothing could save the limb.*

Mr. Woolltorton then proposed mesmerism as the last resource, remarking that it would do no harm if it should do no good, and adding that he would watch its progress. Dr. Quin, on this suggestion, considered that mesmerism might produce benefit.

Mr. Woolltorton himself applied to Mr. Capern on the third of April, 1852, and on the fifth accompanied him to the patient's house. The swelling extended more than 5 inches above the knee, more than 4 inches below it, and more than 16 inches in circumference. Mr. Capern began local mesmerism by slow straight passes, slightly touching the parts, and often not touching them at all, with his fingers, and breathing upon the knee. He sometimes began with a few passes before her face: and she then was a little drowsy.

At the third visit the pain was greatly mitigated, and after the fourth nearly subdued: in fact, she had no pain at all unless she exerted herself. At the end of the first week the swelling was decidedly diminished: and at the end of the first fortnight she could walk a mile without pain or difficulty.

After having been thus mesmerised daily for half an hour, and drinking mesmerised water daily, and applying this to the knee daily and always with relief, during *eight weeks*, she resolved, *as she was well*, to visit her friends in the country; and, when there, she on *several occasions walked five miles a day without any inconvenience.*

On the 3rd of June, 1852, a country surgeon, who doubted the power of mesmerism, was taken by her brother to see her, and confessed that, if he had attended her, he should have amputated the limb, and expressed his astonishment at the effect of mesmerism.

After her return to London she, in July, walked a great many miles one day, and at the same time took a violent cold, when immediately the knee swelled again and became painful. Mr. Capern recommenced mesmerising the part, and *in a fortnight she was as well as before.*

After staying in London for some months, she went to Jersey, and often strolled several miles a day over the rocky irregular part of the island, clambering as well as walking.

On her return to London, the knee was of its natural size and perfectly flexible, and her general health better than it had long been.

Several medical men saw her, and even those who were opposed to mesmerism confessed it was a wonderful cure.

Being quite well, she again forgot she had ever been ill, and thought that nothing would hurt her; and so continued to indulge her propensity to walk very long distances; and again caught a bad cold, and was very ill, in October, and the knee swelled a little again; but it was presently reduced to its natural size by Mr. Capern.

The remainder of the narrative I obtained from Mrs. Julian herself.

In February, 1843, she paid a visit to a friend at Croydon, while the fatal malarious fever was still in existence. She arrived in the evening, and went to bed in perfect health at eleven o'clock. At two o'clock she awoke with severe headache, vomiting, and pains all over her. The knee began to swell and to ache excruciatingly, and in six hours was as large as ever. Mr. Woolltorton was sent for from London and prescribed homœopathic medicines and fomentations, but without the least advantage. She was conveyed home and the treatment continued, as well as mesmerism resumed. But with no advantage. Onwards the disease went. Indeed she found the passes over the knee aggravate her pain, and she could not bear them. Mr. Capern was at the time troubled with tooth-ache (forgetting that it might have been cured), had a cold, and was uncomfortable from different causes and in a great bustle in removing from the Mesmeric Infirmary to St. John's Wood, and mesmerised her knee too briefly and too seldom, not more than two or three times a week.

Mr. Walne saw her again, and, having always had too strong a contempt for mesmerism to make himself in the least acquainted with it, and having formerly sneered at it when Mr. Capern was mesmerising the limb and curing it after he had condemned it to amputation, now began by sneeringly saying, "*so pawing has not cured you,*" forgetting how often he must fail to cure his patients: and how often after he has cured them some carelessness brings back the disease. I presume that every medical man is anxious that all he says against mesmerism should be made public, in order that his light may shine before men and he may be known to posterity for at least one thing—his sagacity in discerning the absurdity and nothingness of mesmerism while we poor noodles are so stupid as to prize it. The autimesmerists

must rejoice that there is a *Zoist* to record their sayings and doings, and secure them fame for ages. The scoffers at the circulation of the blood, though their name was Legion, are all forgotten except a very small number, because they lived before the time of *The Zoist*. There was no *Zoist* in their day, as there is in ours.

"Multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

HORAT., *Carm.* iv. 9.

Oh happy, thrice happy, antimesmerists!

After his remark on pawing he could suggest nothing to cure poor Mrs. Julian, and said that, if the knee burst, the disease would run on and drain her till it brought her to the grave, unless the limb were amputated. Thus again he would have deprived her of her foot, leg, knee, and half her thigh.

All this time she was allowed to eat all she could: was plied with the strongest soups and bottled porter, &c.

However, nature had her way, and, in two months from the attack, burst the tumor in three places, giving vent to a copious discharge of fluids.

Mr. Capern was now in better health and less bustle, and mesmerised her daily with the invariable effect of soothing her greatly, so that she always looked forward with eagerness to his visit.

The passes were made downwards as far as the feet and then beyond the toes. But once she happened to have her shoe on, and Mr. Capern did not extend the passes beyond the back of the foot where the shoe began; not carrying off as usual beyond the points of the toes. That night she woke up in great pain in the instep and foot, below where the passes that day had terminated: and the pain was still in the foot at his visit the next day. The same thing had formerly occurred in another case to Mr. Capern. On learning the circumstance, he begged her to take her shoe off, and he made the passes from the knee beyond the points of the toes, and the pain was completely dislodged from the instep and foot in two or three passes. This is a fact well known to mesmerisers and was observed by old Greatrakes.*

He mesmerised it two months after the tumor burst, and under his operations the part became completely restored, ceasing to discharge instead of discharging till it destroyed her; and she recovered so completely that her leg has not

* See *Zoist*, No. XI., p. 100.

required Mr. Walne to cut it off, but is quite as sound and as useful as ever it was in her life.

Three times was the disease completely cured by mesmerism, and violent external causes brought it back as they might inflammation of the lungs, rheumatism, or any other affection cured by ordinary medicines. It is to be regretted that mesmerism was not continued long after the disease was well. This should be a rule. On the fourth occasion it may be urged that nature effected the cure. But we must remember that every mesmerisation benefited the patient: and that the properties of mesmerism are to soothe and strengthen, and that ulcers are admirably cured by mesmerism, as the pages of *The Zoist* amply shew.* The antimesmerists, moreover, had predicted a fatal termination with their remedies only, without amputation.

Mrs. Julian, so thoroughly convinced of the mighty curative power of mesmerism in her own person, felt anxious that others should participate in its blessings, and made a few good cures herself.

On paying a visit to her brother, she found he had been agonized by pain in his back for a fortnight; and in the time four medical men had seen him without affording him any relief. This was in Germany: and he had just come back to England.

Very soon a dull pain was felt in one knee for two days, and then in the night the pain suddenly arose to agony. She visited him while in this agony, found him unable to move his leg, mesmerised it at half-past 2 o'clock p.m. for half an hour, and he immediately walked down stairs. She mesmerised it again for half an hour when he was in bed: and the next morning he was perfectly well.

She cured also a case of neuralgia of the face at one sitting after a medical practitioner at Banbury had attended it in vain for four months. Another such case she did not cure, but always relieved the pain at the time, inasmuch that the patient invariably went to sleep in the midst of the pain. Long perseverance would probably have effected a cure.

Mrs. Julian resides at present at No. 10, Richmond Villas, Seven Sisters' Road, near Holloway.

* Cures, and some very remarkable, of diseases of the knee only, will be found in Nos. V., pp. 84, 126; VI., p. 266; VII., p. 383; XX., p. 388; XXIV., p. 416; XXXIII., pp. 71, 92, 93; XXXVIII., p. 173.

Cure of a Ganglion on the hand, by Mr. W. Lloyd.

"Fulford, near York, 11th month, 17th, 1853.

"Very esteemed Friend, Dr. Elliotson,—Ellen Penty, aged about 16 years, daughter of John Penty of Naburn, had, for several years, a lump of the above description on the back of her right hand, near the wrist, which increased to about the size of half a walnut, when, as it appeared to be making progress, her father took her seven miles to a surgeon in very high repute, and resorted to for many miles round. He expressed strong confidence that he should cure it, furnished them with plaisters, and gave them directions in other particulars, all which were attended to, and the plaisters duly applied for seven or eight months; occasionally seeing him in the interim. At length, finding no benefit or any reduction in size, they discontinued the treatment; after which, as I happened to be at their house, at two or three different times, I applied a few mesmeric passes, which appearing to have a little effect in reducing the size, her mother was anxious it should be continued. I therefore attended to it every other day, and after a perseverance of eight or nine weeks, it entirely disappeared. The mesmeric sleep was not induced, nor was it attempted until the latter part of my attendance, when, by getting the patient as near the state of coma as I could, I thought the progress was facilitated thereby.

"I remain, sincerely, and respectfully thy friend,

"WM. LLOYD."

As the treatment was not continued for any time after the cure, and the poor girl of necessity used her hand as habitually, the disease gave signs of return.

"Fulford, 12th month, 4th, 1853.

"My dear Friend, Dr. Elliotson,—I feel bound in candour to inform thee, that Ellen Penty's mother told me, the other day, that there are some symptoms of the return of the ganglion.

"With sincere regard, I remain thy Friend,

"WM. LLOYD."

I immediately begged Mr. Lloyd to recommence the treatment, and to rest assured that he would soon dissipate the swelling. He followed my directions.

"Fulford, 2nd month, 26th, 1854.

"My dear Friend, Dr. Elliotson,—I have now paid some further attention to the case of ganglion, and am glad to

report, that the *little* appearance of return has been for *some weeks* quite *dissipated*; so that I suppose the account may appear as at first narrated. Hoping thou art in good health and spirits,

"I remain, sincerely, thy Friend,
"WM. LLOYD."

I wishing to know whether he made passes with contact or without, he sent the following answers to my enquiries:—

"Fulford, 3rd month, 26th, 1854.

"My dear Friend, Dr. Elliotson,—The cure remained perfect about ten days or a fortnight ago. *Generally* the passes were *without contact*, though I did sometimes stroke my thumb, *with contact*, down in the same direction, that is, from above the wrist, over the affected part, and off at the finger ends.

"I also generally laid the ball of my thumb, with moderate pressure, on the ganglion, for about five minutes, more than less, exercising my best will and desire for its reduction; indeed *this concern* I endeavoured to maintain with every pass. Continuance of process, half an hour.

"*No sleep* was produced nor attempted till towards the latter end of my attention to the case, when I thought the *state of quietude* produced, *facilitated* the reduction of the malady.

"I remain, sincerely, thy Friend,
"WM. LLOYD."

The lightness of the contact when the passes were made with any, and the usual absence of contact while they were being made, prevents our opponents from ascribing the cures to friction.

In No. XI., p. 318, I have recorded the cure of two solid ganglions as large as a pea on the first and second joint of the middle finger of a patient of my own, by passes *without* contact for half an hour night and morning, made by her sister. A surgeon had previously *cut one away*, but the disease then reappeared in two places. The mesmeric cure has proved permanent now for nine years. Several particulars in the case make it worth perusal.

If friction did not effect these cures, Drs. Braid, Carpenter, and Holland, must ascribe them to dominant ideas, suggestion, and expectant attention, and ought to petition for the introduction of these into the next Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians.

I must now make a few remarks upon the motto. The

power of mesmerism in causing the dispersion of morbid increases—solid or fluid—is very great. The general expression of the medicinal power of mesmerism is, that it strengthens and soothes, and increases the restorative power of the living system—the *vis medicalrix naturæ*—to resist, bear up under, and to throw off disease, whatever be the kind—functional or structural, and in whatever organ situated. It may fail, as all other medicinal measures do hourly in the hands of all medical men: but it is by far the greatest, the gentlest, and pleasantest *addition* to our means of mitigation and cure ever granted to us, and surpasses all previous expectation and hope of medical progress. *The Zoist* teems with instances of its success in endless cases which fall under the physician: and the cures of ganglion, now presented to the public, (I wish I could say the medical public, but the profession will not in its pride bestow its attention for an instant upon one of them,) prove that it can effect what surgery does not, and in cases in which the surgical means—fruitlessly or successfully employed—are often severe and hazardous. I even had a patient with an unquestionably cancerous growth in the breast, sure to prove fatal even after a surgical operation. For the operation of removal by the knife is altogether useless, and the disease so uniformly returns in true cases, that I now regard an operation as a most improper practice, a discredit to the professional knowledge or the moral character of the surgeon. A true cancer always returns, and I have seen the disease return in dozens of cases, and in many after a second extirpation, and in some after a third, by the knife, and then destroy life, when the poor sufferer had submitted to this succession of cruelties. A tumor not cancerous, but called cancerous from ignorance or design, as is frequently the case, may of course never return. Though I had seen mesmerism dissipate two hard ganglions in the hand of one of my patients, I had not hoped that it would dissipate a gristly cancerous mass. Yet it did; and the exquisite case will be found in No. XXIII. But the writer of the pamphlet called *The Liver*, &c., calculated to excite a smile in a well-informed medical man and to catch weak, dyspeptic, and nervous patients, insists upon it that the cure was effected quite independently of mesmerism. He is perfectly unknown to me, but does not hesitate to abuse me,—pronounces me *BLIND under a favourite DELUSION, FAILING TO PERCEIVE what none but a mesmerist could have failed to perceive,* and what I should have perceived, *even IF I HAD BEEN IN POSSESSION OF A SMALL AMOUNT OF MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE: says that the case ought not to have been trusted to me—at least*

not to the FRIVOLITY OF THE MESMERIST, who, if he does not kill the patient by poison allows the disease to run its destructive career under the delusive hope of success in a treatment in which there can be no hope, to the neglect of those timely and more rational means which EVERY PERSON OF COMMON SENSE, &c. Yet the patient did lose her cancer and died a year after of influenza, following a stroke of palsy. I never expressed a hope that the cancerous tendency in the system would be removed by mesmerism, nor say that this was in this case. The power of mesmerism is proved to extend only to the retardation and dissipation of an individual cancerous mass: and numerous are the cases in which I have seen the progress of the disease surprisingly retarded and the patients' health and comfort greatly maintained.

It so happened that, during the five years of the mesmeric treatment of my patient,* she three times caught a violent cold, for which I thought it right to bleed her to the extent of a few ounces: the first time after she had been improving under mesmerism for eleven months, and the second time a year and three quarters after the first, the third time nine months after this; and never again during the two years she was afterwards mesmerised,—up to her perfect cure. Yet the cure is ascribed to these distant and brief little treatments of her chest, and not to the mesmerism, which was practised daily all the time, and with marked success; removing the pain, reducing the tumor, and recruiting her health, long before the first little bleeding. “*The first mesmerisation gave her a better night than usual,*” (p. 215)—“*the pain lessened so that her nights became greatly better, and her health and spirits improved, the sallowness of her complexion lessened,*” and all without medicine, or any thing but mesmerism. *In proportion as she was mesmerised she improved; and twice when mesmerism was neglected the cancer increased.* (pp. 218—227. She was never the better for the treatment which her chest required for a few days. I defy any person to prove a single case of cancer cured by bleeding or mercury, little or much: the disease would then be very manageable, and be cured almost invariably; and we should no longer speak of a cancer with horror. The most determined antimesmerists will laugh at poor Mr. Searle and Mr. Searle's poor book.

He resembles Mr. Wakley, who was so enraged at the cure as to assert that scores of cancers have been cured by pressure. I defied him to the proof.† Not one can be found.

* See *Zoist*, No. XXIII., pp. 213, 312.

† *Zoist*, No. XXIV., p. 421.

Five years have passed, and he has not noticed my defiance. Bleeding and mercury tend to act upon the system in cancer, and thus encourage the disease; and pressure causes intolerable suffering and cannot be continued, nor has ever yet cured a case. In the practice of what hospital or what surgeon are either bleeding, mercury, or pressure employed or thought of?

VIII. *Mesmerism in Edinburgh.*

WE have the intense satisfaction of announcing the formation of a Mesmeric Institution in a place remarkable for a good sprinkling of worldly prudence and dark-age backwardness of opinion, in the midst of learning, intelligence, honesty, and manliness, which we all know to abound in it: and where the medical and clerical portion of society has signalized itself by the direst hostility to mesmerism.

SCOTTISH CURATIVE MESMERIC ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF OFFICE-BEARERS.

President.

WILLIAM GREGORY, Esq. M.D., F.R.S.E.,
Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh.

Vice-presidents.

General Sir Thomas Makdougall Brisbane, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.H., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, LL.D. of Oxford, &c., &c.	Sir George Scott Douglas, Bart. Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart. John C. Colquhoun, Esq., Advocate, Sheriff of Dumbartonshire. James Esdaile, Esq., M.D., H.E.I.C.S., late Presidency Surgeon of Calcutta.
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Directors.

Dr. James Scott, F.R.S.E. Deputy Inspector of Hospitals and Fleets. William Neilson, Esq. Arthur Trevelyan, Esq. Alex. J. Ellis, Esq., B.A. Captain Davidson.	Alex. Melville Bell, Esq. A. G. Home, Esq. M.D. George Swinton, Esq. J. Howison, Esq. D. Brodie, Esq., M.D.
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Consulting Physician.

Dr. James Scott.

Treasurer.

Mr. J. Home Hay, John's Place, St. Leonard's.

Corresponding Secretary.

William Neilson, Esq., 1, North Charlotte Street.

Secretary.

Mr. James Cameron, Jun., 265, High Street.

Acting Committee.

(With power to add to their number.)

Messrs W. F. Vernon.	Messrs J. Swinton.
" G. Plowman.	" D. Lawson.
" J. Home Hay.	" G. Mitchel.
" G. Macdougall,	" John Baillie.
" Wm. M'Crimdale.	" G. E. Burt.
" J. Bannerman.	" David White.
" W. Laing.	" Thos. Ramsay.
" J. Cameron, Jun.	

Drs. Elliotson and Engledue and Mr. Prideaux were elected honorary members of the association.

Dr. Gregory is in his proper place—at the head of the institution. His conduct, he being a professor in the University with such antimesmeric colleagues as Drs. Bennett, Simpson, Miller, and Christison, is beyond all praise.* Let us bestow due honour upon Drs. Esdaile, James Scott, A. G. Home, and D. Brodie (whose name appears as the seconder of a motion at the meeting), and Mr. Swinton, who was once, we believe, a medical officer in India. Messrs. Jackson and Davey deserve great praise. Their strenuous, honest, intelligent, and wisely-conducted labours have assisted in revolutionizing the Scottish mind.

We understand that six and twenty gentlemen enrolled themselves as pupils of the association in order to confer the blessings of mesmerism. But where are the rest of the medical men of Edinburgh? where the rest of those who acknowledge the truth of mesmerism in private before mesmerists, but shrink before the despotism of the medical bodies and the blustering antimesmeric doctors?† The believing doctors are afraid of each other, and inveigh against it before its foes. Where is the Duke of Argyll, to whom Dr. Gregory so amiably dedicated his book on mesmerism? Where is the Earl of Eglinton, who so patronized the American electro-biology people—Stone and Darling? We fear these noblemen are indifferent to mesmerism and its healing powers, and regard all its effects as dependent upon imagination. Are such the effects upon them of electro-biology which once so enamoured them? Dr. Simpson could bustle about clairvoyance and offer a reward for a proof of it; but when something more certain and also permanently a

* He also subscribes to the London Mesmeric Infirmary. Here is an example to English non-subscribing medical mesmerists.

† The conduct of Professors Miller, Simpson, and Bennett, and D. A. Wood, is fully detailed in No. XXV., p. 102; XXXV., pp. 296, 329, 334.

blessing to mankind in mesmerism is the point, he stirs not, for he can gain no silly applause. He is fond of empty professional popularity: but his wise course would have been the reverse of that which he has pursued. He knows mesmerism to be true: he acknowledged its truth years ago,* and made experiments on it: and so he has lately with a patient in his own house, as a lady who witnessed this, and was his patient, has mentioned in London, and yet he laughs at it the next moment before sceptics.† And where are Mr. George Combe and his relatives, disciples, and coadjutors? And they would have us believe that they are friends of progress! Mr. Combe is worthy of his friend and countryman, Sir James Clark.

We have no space to detail the account of the meeting. We are told that 1500 persons were present: and we read in the report that the association

“Is wholly composed of pupils of Messrs. Jackson and Davey, who after receiving the requisite instruction from them determined to make a practical application of their knowledge in the attempted cure or alleviation of disease among their friends, neighbours, and the suffering poor around. For this purpose they determined to hold weekly meetings for mutual encouragement and advice, and at which reports of cases should be made and entered in the minutes. From these they select a few cases,” &c.

Here follow accounts of nine most successful cases.

There will be more public meetings in Edinburgh, and organized missions to the chief towns in Scotland.

We wish the association all success. It will succeed, but let its noble supporters remember that similar attempts in Dublin, Bristol, and Exeter have failed. The London institution flourishes more and more every day. We are here *all* perfectly disinterested: all work for it without reward: have no view to gain anything by it in even the most indirect manner, and are all deeply impressed with the grandeur of

* No. XXXIV., p. 334.

† In No. XXXVIII., p. 225, we told our readers that a shilling would be well bestowed in the purchase of a pamphlet by Dr. Esdaile, entitled, *The introduction of Mesmerism as an Anæsthetic and Curative Agent into the hospitals of India*: 1852. It is replete with the most important and astounding facts, and controverts the ridiculous opinions of Drs. Simpson, Bennett, &c., that mesmerism operates by fixing attention and suggestion.

It was in part composed for the *Edinburgh Monthly Journal* at the request of Dr. Simpson. But this valiant accoucheur and his colleagues afterwards rejected it. Dr. Simpson merely acknowledged it in a complimentary note, and said that it was *not sufficiently practical* for him to publish! Why it was the most practical essay that could be written, and Dr. Simpson knew this. He ought to blush *for ever*. The fifth and sixth pages tell a sad tale of him.

mesmeric truths and the duty of applying their mighty remedial powers to suffering man. We believe that this is the case also with the Scotch Association. The strength of the Scotch character is shewn in all parts of the globe and in all departments of life. The supporters of the association, acting solely from love of enlightenment and benevolence, will establish it firmly.

In London, the committee meet once a week, admit and discharge patients, and hear a detail by the secretary of the daily mesmerisation of each patient, its duration and effects, and the weekly results. Without this plan no regularity or reality can be ensured. No phenomena are aimed at or encouraged: no show is made or allowed: no other treatment is mixed with the mesmeric: no clairvoyants are employed. The whole proceeds in the most beautiful manner. All will depend upon the secretary or general superintendent. The London Infirmary is eminently fortunate in this respect. Mr. Gardiner is an excellent man, benevolent and conscientious and calm, and devoted to mesmerism as a remedy, and always at his post. Let a sense of simple duty actuate our Scottish brethren, as it will, and their institution will not fail.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Autobiography of Elizabeth Squirrel, of Shottishan, and selections from her writings: together with an examination and defence of her statements relative to her sufferings, blindness, deafness, entire abstinence from food and drink during twenty-five weeks, and other extraordinary phenomena: and facts and opinions illustrative and suggestive. By one of her Watchers. London: Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court: 1853.

We hope to notice this in our next.

A practical investigation into the truth of Clairvoyance: containing revelations of the fate of Sir John Franklin, and some enquiry into the mysterious rappings of the present day. By an Unprejudiced Observer. London: Balliere, 219, Regent Street: 1854.

This publication is without a name. Anonymous testimony will not be received by the world, though true. We entreat the writer to affix his name if he loves his cause.

Cronaca del Magnetismo Animale, redatta dal D. Giuseppe Terzaghi. Volume Secondo. Milano: 1854.

We have not received the First Volume. The present contains a translation of the last Report of the London Mesmeric Infirmary: and of Dr. Esdaile's protest and petition to the American Congress: and several interesting original communications. The Editor appears a man of honour, learning, and courage. Mesmerism is rapidly spreading all over the civilized earth.

Mesmerism proved True, and the Quarterly Reviewer reviewed. By the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Bosworth, Regent Street: 1854.

This we have reviewed at length in Article II.

Human Electricity: the means of its development, illustrated by experiments, with additional notes. By J. O. N. Rutter, F.R.A.S. Parker and Son, West Strand: 1854.

This also is noticed by us at full length in Article VI.

The Principle of Health transferable. By George Barth. Bailliere: 1853.
Observations on the Dentition of the Lilliputian Aztecs. By Dr. Robert Reid, Dentist to the Merchant Maiden Hospital, Edinburgh. Reprinted from the *Monthly Journal of Medical Science*, for February, 1854.

On first seeing these interesting young human beings, Dr. Reid conceived that they were not of the same race. The boy's nose was prominent, his eyes brilliant and protruding, his brow retreating, his hair silky. The girl's facial angle is entirely different, her eyes smaller, her hair curling and even crisp. Thus he appears of Asiatic, and she of African origin. The breadth and roundness of her upper dental-arch resemble that of the negro. From the teeth Dr. Reid judges the boy to be twelve years old; the girl eight. Professor Owen came to the same opinion of their ages from general considerations.

On the British Tritons. By John Higginbottom, F.R.S. From the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, for December, 1853: London.

Gymnastics: an essential branch of National Education, both public and private: the only remedy to improve the present physical condition of man. By Captain Chiosso, Professor of Gymnastics at University College School. London: Walton and Maberly, Upper Gower Street: 1854.

This is a very interesting sound book: deserving to be read by all who have the charge of the young. Gymnastics should always form part of education: and perhaps some will agree with us on being informed that "at Buckingham Palace gymnastic exercise is resorted to very regularly and perseveringly by the whole Royal Family down to the very infant."

The British Journal of Homæopathy. January, 1854. Aylott and Co., Paternoster Row.

Truths maintained. By James Biden, Monckton House, Anglesea, Hants, Author of the *True Church*. Aylott and Co., Paternoster Row: 1854.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The great press of matter has occasioned us to postpone some communications.

J. S., D.B., and others.—We are authorized to state that the plates for Dr. Symes's translation of Gall are now completed, and, the letter-press being in the hands of the printers, the publication of this important work, which has been so long delayed from unavoidable circumstances, will be proceeded with forthwith.

We return our warmest thanks to Mr. Janson for his advertisement of *The Zoist* in the *Phonotypic Examiner* and the *Western Times*, and for his distribution of many numbers of it.